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STREET AT DÖMITZ ON THE ELBE: WATER FLOWING OFF.



SAVING PEOPLE AT LENZEN, ON THE ELBE.

THE INUNDATIONS IN GERMANY.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

It is sad enough to hear of any lady the "mistress of five languages," and who has maintained herself most respectfully as a day governess for a long life, dying at last friendless and deserted, and so penniless as to be "buried by the parish"; but how much more shocking it seems—from the sense of contrast it awakens—when we read, "she was the daughter of Theodore Hook"! It is true it is nearly fifty years since he who set the table in a roar at so many a rich man's feast ended his days on earth; but he left a legacy of fun behind him, if of nothing else. Did none of those whose dainty ears he had tickled give a thought to those who belonged to him, I wonder; or only a thought? "Put not thy confidence in princes" is a text that has a special application to him who lays himself out to amuse them. It was on one of this class that Moore wrote those terrible lines:—

How proud they can press to the funeral array
Of one whom they shunned in his sickness and sorrow!
How bailiffs may seize his last blanket to-day,
Whose pall shall be held up by nobles to-morrow!

But when the man is dead there seems a still lower depth of callousness and ingratitude in not providing for the wants of those belonging to him, for whom the mere crumbs from the rich men's tables would have sufficed. Hook would not have been to my taste, but he was to theirs; except, perhaps, Douglas Jerrold, no man had ever so ready a wit; even Sydney Smith, we are told, shrank from a contest with it; and it was almost always employed in their entertainment. "Service," it is written, "is no inheritance," and, least of all, this sort of "dinner service:" the obligation which "the cordial and soul-giving beam" of the wit confers upon his patrons is the one of all others that is never repaid.

It is whispered that a rehearsal of the tableaux vivants from Hans Christian Andersen's stories, in connection with the proposed Anglo-Danish Exhibition, is to be given at a certain Royal residence, "supported" by some very eminent performers indeed. It will not be for the first time that members of our Royal family have trodden the mimic boards, and in much more ambitious rôles. The children of Prince Frederic of Wales acted plays under the direction of Quin, who, on hearing the graceful manner in which George III. delivered his first speech from the throne, exclaimed, "Ah, I taught that boy to speak." On one occasion they performed, before a very numerous and distinguished audience, "Cato"; Prince George delivered the prologue, and Princess Augusta (afterwards Duchess of Brunswick) and Prince Edward (afterwards Duke of York) an amusing epilogue. It is curious how it foreshadowed their fates. Said the little Princess, as Marcia—

I, too, perhaps might like another
A little better than a brother,
Could I have one of *England's* breeding;
But 'tis a point they're all agreed in
That I must wed a foreigner
And cross the seas—the Lord knows where—
Yet let me go where'er I will,
England shall have my wishes still.

Said the little Prince (as Juba)—

In *England* born, my inclination,
Like yours, is wedded to the nation;
And future times I hope will see
Me general, in reality.

To be the head of our profession is an aspiration for everybody, but which can only be realised by one. From the existence of this little difficulty it happens that ambitious, but only moderately-gifted persons, often go into out-of-the-way lines of business, in which there are but few competitors, and become chief of this and that particular calling with comparative ease. Dando, the great oyster-eater, was an example of this class. Up to his time people had contented themselves with eating as many dozens as they wanted to eat; but he introduced the principle of competition, and became the Champion Oyster-Eater. America boasts of many such champions. Mr. Hannibal Chollop, of the thriving city of Eden, could create "perfect circles" around himself with tobacco-juice, and in that vocation acquired an undisputed supremacy. The latest honours accorded to exceptional talent have been paid to a young lady of Utica, U.S., for gum-chewing. The word may appear slightly tautological, but the art is a recognised one, and pre-eminence in it lies in chewing spruce-gum—the chunk in the mouth to be never less than the size of a thimble, and the same to be chewed at least once every two seconds—for a greater number of hours than anybody else can stick to it. In the case in question, there were four competitors only, all ladies. "Time was called at 8 a.m.," when these Graces (and one over) commenced their task. Each was carefully watched, but allowed a special helper, whose mission it was to rub her jaws with brandy, administer warm water to soften the gum, and supply fresh chunks. At dinner-time, the gum was held on one side of the mouth, and the food masticated with the other. At noon, toothache prostrated Number One; at four o'clock, Number Two; and at six, we are told, Number Three, "with her cheeks wrapped in red flannel, was chewing as though each tooth were an egg-shell." "Inspiring airs were played on the piano"; but at ten o'clock she owned herself vanquished, and Number Four, after a contest of fourteen hours and ten minutes, pocketed twenty dollars, and was declared the Champion Gum-Chewer of the World.

Collaboration in literature must be very pleasant; it is not like a partnership in trade, the members of which are often found pulling different ways, and with not a little growling and showing of teeth, like pointers coupled together against their will. They must, at least, agree to differ, or they couldn't write in concert at all. From Beaumont and Fletcher's days down to those of Besant and Rice, the system seems to have worked admirably, and it speaks well for the parties concerned. There can have been none of that jealousy between them, of which one hears so much and sees so little, in the profession of literature, or the thing could not have been done. There could have been no "idle apprentice" in these dual concerns, or else

the industrious one must have been very good-natured, indeed. ("You do the heads of the chapters, my dear fellow," one can hear him saying, "and the favourable reviews, and I'll do the rest of the work"). The results, too, must be charming, for, whatever is praised, A can take credit for it, whether he wrote it or B; while, if his part of the work is what, I believe, is technically termed "slated," he has only to whisper—not untruthfully—"Well, dear old B was not quite himself there, I confess," and come off with flying colours. But, after all, how ill do these little advantages of collaboration in literature compare with those of art, as lately illustrated by the case of M. Van Beers. The Judge, indeed, was against him in his late severe trial; but, perhaps, he was not a judge of painting. The artist was accused of employing young men to paint his pictures for him, but he almost always put in a dash or two with his own hand and, if they were creditable productions, signed them; if not, he got his footman to sign them, at the same time using "an expression sacred to his studio"—"We will make this into a false Van Beers." There is a cheery frankness about this admission, which, to my mind, is very winning. The system itself was a winning one until quite recently, when some miserable squabble about money matters sundered this fellowship of genius and good feeling, and will probably compel M. Van Beers to paint his pictures (as they hang) on his own hook. His defence, though unavailing, was magnificent. "Unpretending as I stand here, I am in good company; if I have used apprentices as accessories, is not this what Rubens did?" Capital! but if I had been he I should have avoided the word "accessories," which has—somehow—just the least suggestion in the world of something amiss in morals.

Of all the criminals to whom the sensational novelist owes his being (or, at all events, his being so popular) the gentleman who lives on "black-mail" is the one to whom he is most indebted. This personage may not possess the audacity of the Murderer of the story (I mean the real murderer, not the novelist), the personal attractions of the Wicked Woman, or the superhuman intelligence of the Police Detective; while I need not say he is utterly destitute of the nobility of the Hero, the ethereal mildness of the Heroine, or the angelic disposition of the Rightful Heir, cut off, in early boyhood, by a marble (thrust down his throat by the W.W., but supposed to have been swallowed accidentally). But without him all these various personages would often have no *raison d'être* whatever, and might just as well have never been born. It is the Black-mailer who discovers the first false step, awakens suspicion and remorse, and dogs the heels of crime (though with far from disinterested motives) from first to last. His thread in the web of fiction is a most important one, and leads unerringly to the catastrophe. I don't know what those eminent writers who have that secret of curdling human blood, which gives them their own fine circulation, would do without him; and yet, with an ingratitude that does them little credit, they have utterly neglected his idiosyncrasies, and shown no appreciation of his character. I have never seen so much as an essay on "Black-mailing," or heard a sermon directed against this exceedingly popular offence. It is to the stories of real life, as told in our Courts of Justice, that we are indebted for what information we possess upon the subject, and very curious it is.

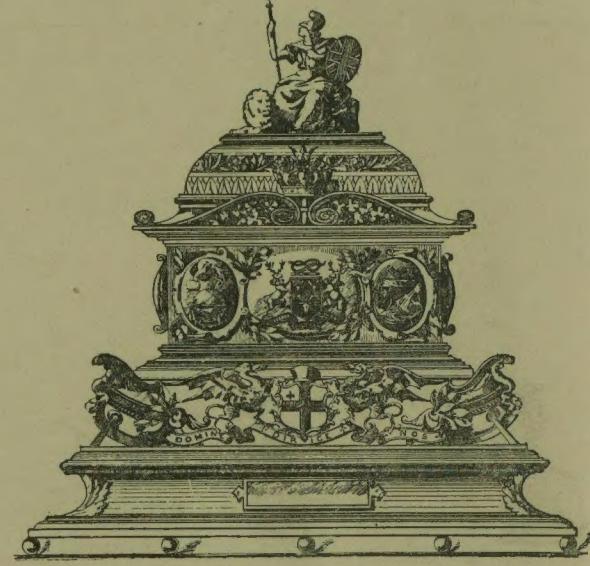
A case has just occurred of two young gentlemen, aged respectively but sixteen and nineteen, who are alleged to have taken up with this profession, and to a certain extent admitted the soft impeachment—though it was a pretty long one. Their defence seems to be that "the prosecutor never complained of their coming to him for money." They may be innocent as the new-fallen snow, or even snow that has not "fallen," and I hope they are; I quote only the prosecutor's story, a youth of as tender years as themselves, though at present languishing in chains for stealing from his employer's till. He not only stole, which was a crime, but boasted of it, which is a blunder indeed; and from that moment became the prey of his two confidants. "You haven't got two half-crowns about you?" was their first remark; then every other day or so, "Have you five shillings?" "Have you a pound?" "Have you five pounds?"—a rate of increase one had supposed to be the peculiar property of geometrical progression. "Because if you haven't," they always added, "we must knock"—an elliptical expression for knocking at his employer's door, which I suppose was handily. Henceforth, according to the prosecutor's statement (who may be a novelist himself for all I know, and invented it all) he went to the till, as naturally as to his own house, though no longer with a selfish motive, but only to oblige his friends. What is interesting in the matter, is the amazing greed, and reckless importunity of these (alleged) black-mailers. There is no other crime to be compared with this for voracity. The drunkard who (if we are to believe our teetotal friends) begins with a glass of alcoholic liquor on Sunday, and takes his quart of gin without winking on Saturday night, goes slowly down the hill in comparison with the black-mailer. He doesn't know how to wait—as the Prince Regent, according to the Duke of Wellington, knew how to be a gentleman—even for ten minutes. Supply creates demand with a precipitation beyond the teachings of Political Economy. Upon the whole (though it doesn't look like it) this is a benevolent provision of nature. The poor wretch yields up his guilty secrets, the goose lays her last golden egg, and makes a clean breast of it—all the sooner.

The case of Dr. Middleton will probably put an end to whatever romance still attaches to the gypsies. I am afraid they are a worthless set of vagabonds, and, wherever they enjoy any sort of favour, as in Spain, a dangerous element of society. Curiously enough, in Scotland, where "ne'er-do-wells" are not highly thought of, they have enjoyed not a little consideration. The name they still retain there is "Faw's people," because the authority of a person of that name, self-styled "Lord and Earl of Little Egypt," was, in 1594, supported to some extent

by Government, which even assisted him to subdue his insubordinate subjects. In England, at that period, they were expelled the realm, and put to death if they remained in it. Sir Mathew Hale tells us that no less than thirteen of them, at one Suffolk Assizes, were executed upon the statute. What seems very strange, they gained so many (idle) proselytes that it was enacted that any person, being fourteen years old, who should be "found in the fellowship of such Egyptians and remain with them for a month" should be held to have committed felony. I am old enough, I am sorry to say, to remember "Sinnamenta," the loveliest of the gipsy race, and the only one on whom the mantle of modern romance, so far as I know, ever fell. She told me my fortune, when a little boy, at Ascot Races; but, to judge by results, not very successfully.

LORD HARTINGTON AND THE CITY.

The ceremony of presenting the freedom of the City of London to Lord Hartington took place at Guildhall on Wednesday, April 18. The gold casket in which the certificate is inclosed was designed and manufactured by Mr. George Kenning, goldsmith, of Little Britain. Our Illustration shows



GOLD CASKET OF FREEDOM OF THE CITY PRESENTED TO LORD HARTINGTON.

the design, which is readily explained. In the centre are the arms of the Cavendish family, with supporters and crests cut in rock crystal, and enamelled in correct heraldic colours. They are supported by oval medallions on which are emblems representing the Marine and Postal services, his Lordship having been First Lord of the Admiralty and Postmaster-General. On the lid is a naval coronet, with a trident, flanked by sprigs of shamrock, in remembrance of his having been Chief Secretary for Ireland. The casket is surmounted by a figure of Britannia, with the Union Jack enamelled on an oval shield, seated on a bale of merchandise, representing "Commerce," at her feet a lion couchant. At each end is the monogram of his Lordship enamelled in colours, the reverse of which has an oval medallion bearing an inscription. The casket is mounted on a marble plinth, on which are enamelled the arms and supporters of the City of London.

THE FLOODS IN NORTH GERMANY.

The disastrous floods in Prussia, caused by the overflowing of the Elbe, the Oder, and the Vistula, with their tributaries, since March 27, have rendered a hundred thousand people homeless, and have caused great misery and immense loss of property. To the east of Berlin, and especially in the province of Posen, where the peasantry are mostly of Polish race, the destitution is severely felt, as the means of relieving it are deficient; and her Majesty the Empress Victoria, in her journey to that province on purpose to see the condition of the distressed inhabitants, and to supervise the efforts of public charity, performed a Royal office which has won for her just applause. In the opposite direction, on the banks of the Lower Elbe, between Hanover and Mecklenburg, several towns were inundated, especially Dömitz and Lenzen, where the scenes took place which are shown in our two illustrations. The town first named, which belongs to Mecklenburg, was entirely isolated, and had all communication with the rest of the world cut off, until steam-boats of the Magdeburg Company arrived. Lenzen and Seedorf were so flooded that the water reached the roofs of the lower and smaller houses, and the first-floor windows of the others. At Eldenburg, two hundred persons were drowned, and there was great loss of life in other districts; the bursting of the dykes suddenly overwhelmed the farm-houses and cottages built in the meadows below them, and many families perished, as well as much cattle. Huge blocks of drifting ice and congealed snow came down from the hills and floated to a great distance; in some instances with beasts, or even human beings, carried away upon them. The Lord Mayor of London has sent contributions of money from the Mansion House Fund.

The Lord Mayor of London is performing the exacting duties of his office with a grace and earnestness all his own. The Right Hon. Polydore De Keyser, with the Sheriffs, last Saturday afternoon attended the successful concert given by the Guildhall School of Music in the handsome Queen's Hall of the People's Palace—a benevolent institution which should find its parallel in every quarter of London. Charity is ever being promoted at the Mansion House. Witness the funds now being raised on behalf of the London Hospital, and in aid of the sufferers from the terrible floods in Germany. The Lord Mayor's allusion to the latter fund at a banquet in the Mansion House on Saturday evening was a seasonable reminder of the world of good done through the agency of the Chief Magistrate of the City of London. The banquet in question was given by his Lordship to the Savage Club, and a number of representatives of Literature, Science, and Art; the list of guests including the Netherlands Minister, and Mr. W. M. Woodall, M.P. Dr. W. H. Russell was present; but it fell to the lot of another experienced War Correspondent, Mr. George A. Henty, of the *Standard*, to respond in an admirable speech to the toast of the evening. The urbane secretary of the Savage Club, Mr. E. J. Wade, had marshalled a host of Savage Club entertainers, whose skill as reciters, vocalists, and instrumentalists was gracefully acknowledged by the Lord Mayor.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

From the sombre shadow again resting on an Imperial Throne it was a relief to turn on the Sixteenth of April, in the House of Lords, to a cheery exemplar of the longevity not infrequently attained by prominent English statesmen. There was Lord Cranbrook, gay and ruddy after the celebration of his golden wedding, acting, in the temporary absence of Lord Salisbury, as Ministerial Leader with the liveness and activity of thirty-seven rather than the septuagenarian ease of seventy-three, his actual age. Lord Cranbrook, indeed, appears to share with Mr. Gladstone the secret of ensuring perennial youth. The dapper Peer is as alert as the illustrious Commoner. Of the same ripe age as Baron Cranbrook is another well-preserved Peer, Lord Hampden, who is also to be congratulated upon having kept his golden wedding jubilantly.

Since their Lordships reassembled after the Easter Recess on the Thirteenth of April, they have considered a variety of subjects under the bland and smiling presidency of Baron Halsbury, who seemingly cannot restrain good-nature from shining from every pore of his broadly-humorous face—so much so that it is quite the custom for noble Lords from each side to lounge on the soft, luxurious woolsack in order to enjoy a chat with the sociable Lord Chancellor. On the reopening day, albeit he was fresh from expatiating upon the virtues of womanhood at his golden wedding, Lord Cranbrook yet had the heart to secure the rejection of the Women's Suffrage Bill. On the ensuing Monday, the most important business transacted was the second reading of Lord Hobhouse's Copyhold Acts Amendment Bill, and of the East India Railway Purchase Bill, introduced by Lord Cross with his usual businesslike lucidity; and at the succeeding day's sitting, the Earl of Onslow, on behalf of the Government, approved the second reading of the Electric Lighting Act Amendment Bill on the understanding that it should be referred to a select committee. Much depends upon this measure. Lord Thurlow, author of the Bill, and a leading authority on electric lighting, has declared that so considerable a sum as a hundred millions sterling is ready for investment in electric lighting under more favourable conditions; and the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres asserts that, if this Bill be passed, "before twelve months have elapsed, in all probability from 25,000 to 40,000 men will be actively employed in the industry."

A surprise awaited the Commons on the Twelfth of April. Mr. Ritchie took his seat on the Treasury bench in good time to look after the Local Government Bill. Mr. Gladstone, though squeezed between Mr. Stansfeld and Mr. Childers on the crowded front Opposition bench, looked bright and happy. Why? Was the "old Parliamentary hand" in touch with the little "plan of campaign" organised in the Irish camp below the gangway? Be that as it may, there was a general uprising of Irish and Radical members in support of Mr. Parnell's motion for the adjournment of the House, in order that he might call attention to the police and military attack upon the public at Ennis on the previous Sunday. The hon. member for Cork warmly (for him) protested against the charge of the Hussars into the crowd gathered within a small yard in Ennis—a violent charge described in similar terms by the reporters of three Dublin papers of different shades of politics; but Mr. Balfour, as Secretary for Ireland, placed the blame on those who had called together the National League meeting. For their spleenetic rating of Mr. Balfour, mayhap, Mr. William O'Brien and Mr. Dillon were subsequently arrested on their return to Dublin; otherwise, why were they not taken into custody on the very day of the proclaimed meetings? The rather airy speech of the Irish Secretary was censured by Mr. Gladstone and ascetic Mr. John Morley, who excited the derisive laughter of Mr. Balfour, but the approving cheers of the Parliamentaries, when he virtuously declared that he did not remain in London to attend banquets when the Belfast riots broke out, but ran over to Ulster to see for himself how the public excitement could be calmed. The upshot of Mr. Parnell's motion was that the Gladstonian Liberals voted with the Irish Home Rulers, and the Liberal Unionists, as usual, with the Conservatives, the Government gaining a majority of 70 (249 against 179) in the division.

Mr. Ritchie's County Councils Bill, as it may be called for convenience, promises to be improved by the enlightened criticism of the most competent authorities on the front Opposition bench. When the President of the Local Government Board formally moved its second reading on the Twelfth of April, Mr. Stansfeld, a past master of the subject, delivered himself of an oratorical effort to the effect that the "defects" might be removed in Committee, the chief fault, in his opinion, being the exclusion of the Poor Law system. Mr. H. H. Fowler, for his part, objected to the placing of the Police under a divided authority.

The divergence of their views on the Irish question does not prevent Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and Mr. John Morley from relieving the tedium of sitting on the front Opposition bench by entering into jocular conversation, which often creases their beardless faces with wrinkled laughter. They amused themselves with jestful interchanges on the Sixteenth of April, whilst Mr. Leonard Courtney was lifting his voice like one inspired in predicting the manifold blessings that would flow from the application of his favourite system of proportional representation to the coming County Councils. The scene was in another respect droll. Mr. Labouchere, as if aghast at the coolness of Mr. Jesse Collings in appropriating his seat, had sunk into the front pew near the bar on the Ministerial side; whilst behind him Sir Charles Russell and Mr. Charles Darling seemed to be conversing on the comicality of the situation as amicably as if they had never opposed each other tooth and nail at two keenly-contested elections at Hackney. Seeing that Mr. Chamberlain at the time he left the Gladstone Cabinet had a Local Government Bill of his own up his sleeve, it would hardly have been in human nature to have referred without some asperity of tone to the reason which hindered him from bringing his measure forward. Complete master of the subject by reason of many years of practical experience in Birmingham, Mr. Chamberlain, in an admirably reasoned speech, concise and clear, and distinctly delivered, was able to offer serviceable advice to the Government on various points. He waxed facetious on the attempt of the Radical tail to stimulate Mr. Gladstone into lively opposition to the measure, and his light satire roused Lord Hartington from his slumbrous state, and induced him to give a Burleigh-like nod of approval to henchman Heneage by his side. Mr. Chamberlain said he would vote for the second reading, and reserve set criticism for the Committee stage. He kept his sting for the last sentence, in which with questionable taste he fired a parting shot at "an already discredited and impossible solution of the Irish question." In the course of the debate that ensued, Sir Wilfred Lawson smote the licensing clauses hip and thigh; but Mr. Ritchie firmly announced the intention of the Government to abide by them. The following evening, after the Metropolitan Board of Works Theatres Regulation Bill had been rejected by a majority of 126, Mr. Caine, Sir Edward Clarke, Mr. Whitbread, and Mr. Childers added their quota of discussion to the chief Bill of the Ministry, certain to pass in an amended form.

WELLS.

He who considers the drawbacks which ever attend the delights of summer—remembering the broiling, the parching heat of those three days which lead to the thunderstorm, and mindful of the uncertainties of the months which group round them, and pretend that they also are hot—will surely decide that winter, spring, and autumn are the only seasons in which to enjoy a summer holiday.

Even so London is certainly the place for country walks: shielded against the weather—the fickle weather, the British weather so exactly described as not weather at all, but "only samples." The mud, the rain, the blinding dust, and the sharp wind are here escaped; and here, and now, the most delightful summer trips may be made, and all country pleasures enjoyed, with none of the drawbacks of an excursion in July—not even the expense.

Sitting in a big arm-chair—by the fire, if the evening be chilly—with a map and a book, no heathery mountain nor cool green wood is beyond an easy visit. Whether a walk along the bright country road, or a lazy afternoon on the shadowed grass, fit in best with your mood—here it is, not imperfect as on any summer day of past or future, but flawless and delicious.

So, being in a holiday mood, let us spend our summer holiday now. It is just the night for it; and the best of spending it like this is that you can eat your cake and have it. If you now have that delightful fortnight in August, it will be there all the same to-morrow morning, and when the August of the almanack comes it will not have run away.

"There should always," said I—thinking aloud, as stage-heroes and mad people do—"there should always be a certain amount of fantasy in the choice of a holiday-place; and in England it is so easy to choose well"—and Fantasy made a kind of echo in the room, repeating "Choose Wells."

You must know that I had just been reading a lovely little poem, which brought the charm and prettiness of woodland wells freshly to my mind: a poem by Thomas Ashe, very short and perfect:—

This little well, so still and clear,
Holds purest water all the year.
The sweet flowers in a troop have come,
To look in it, and round it bloom.
A bond of friendship has been knit
In mutual sympathy with it.
About each tender root it creeps,
And moist and fresh each fibre keeps;
And morn and evening they above
Blush sweeter with a grateful love.

Could not one spend a pleasant holiday wandering to whatever wells one chose, in or near pretty old-fashioned English country-towns—of all places the best for rest and change? It is an excellent quality in a "holiday resort" to be behind the time; indeed, I would lay down the rule "Always try to choose a place whose population has gone down in the last fifty years." (This is only a rule for England, though. Abroad, the Ancient and the Dirty are One.)

Choose Wells, I said; and, taking myself literally, glanced at the map. Here I found that the wandering Londoner could go due west or north-east, and either way could find a very delightful Wells awaiting him. There is an old, little, quiet city of Wells in Somerset: a quiet, little old town of Wells in Norfolk. Each is just about a hundred and twenty miles from town, each has a charm, a character of its own, each is in a peaceful, healthy old age, and each fulfils that condition as to its population. Wells in Somersetshire has gone down from 5888 in the first year of the reign of Queen Victoria to 4634 in the year of Jubilee; for while Bristol has quadrupled the number of its people, and London "grown out of knowledge," 1254 of the men of Wells have walked off (mostly to Bristol and London, no doubt) and left no one to fill their shoes. And, in the same half-century, Wells in Norfolk has dropped from 2950 "living souls" to 2645.

It would be carrying fantasy too far to split one's holiday between the two Wells—with a journey between them clear from west to east of England, of which the Norfolk Wells is within a very few miles of being the easternmost point; so one has to choose. To many minds—to most, perhaps, I must own—the choice is easy. The rich, the picturesque, the beautiful, is the Wells of the cider country; nay, the interesting, the historical, too. "The most romantic and pleasant town in all England," wrote a traveller two years ago; apparently somewhat aggrieved because he had "never seen or heard of its beauties before."

It is a lovely old place, just south of the woods at the eastern end of the great Mendip hills. "Near the Bishop's palace rises a spring," says a historian of fifty years ago, "which, emitting a copious stream, surrounds that ancient structure with its transparent waters, and thence transmits them through the several parts of the city." And this spring is called St. Andrew's Well; and from it, they say, came the little old city's name.

For you will remember that while there are great places with hundreds of thousands of men who toil daily in huge factories, making tens of hundreds of thousands of pounds—mainly for other people—and these great collections of black houses are still but towns, here in Somerset these 4634 good folk live in their city, with a cathedral and a palace, and half a Bishop. (And, by-the-way, in about twenty years that bishopric will be a clear thousand years old.)

Is it not a delight, in your holiday in a little country place, to have a beautiful cathedral all to yourself? And here is one the most perfect in its original plan, in many matters the most complete, in all England. It was designed when Henry III. was King; and how many years ago that was I dare say the boys at the Board school can tell us. Listening to the music, in the warm light of the great western window, or on the broad lawn that goes round the northern front to the wonderful chapter-house, or looking at the monuments to Bishop Bubwith, Bishop Haselshaw, Bishop Josceline Trotman—without a doubt that they were persons as queer and admirable as their names—here is occupation for many lazy hours of summer.

And for its active days there is interest enough. It takes but little while to explore the four verdereys—name redolent of the ancient forest round—into which the city was divided: yet longer than you would think, for Wells—albeit it holds only four thousand odd hundred men and women to-day—was always a place of importance, and returned its two members to Parliament in the days of Edward I.

Now, indeed, it does nothing but knit stockings, and that with no great energy. But the stranger may spend any amount of vigour in walks up those windy hills, of whose dark recesses Macaulay sang ("The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's sunless caves"), and Glastonbury is but five miles off, with the most ancient abbey in England, and the miraculous Thorn, and healing springs, and a wonderful walnut-tree, and a magnificent and ancient inn: a walk to be made from Wells much more than once or twice during your stay. Then in this very country lies Avalon, "the Isle of Apples"—the Island-valley of Avilion, as Tennyson calls it: a valley now, but once, as it should seem, an arm of the neighbouring sea.

For the Bristol Channel is not far off, if you wish to see blue water; and another very pleasant excursion to be made

is that to the beautiful and famous old city of Bath, nineteen miles away—where the other half of the Wells' Bishop is kept.

A place altogether happy and delightful is this said famous Wells in the plain old county of Norfolk to set against it—with marshland and heath for the hills and forests, and, instead of Glastonbury for a neighbour, Great Snoring on the Stiffkey?

Little, perhaps, except to born east-countrymen, who have learned to take in the beauty of their land. Little is there to be loved, except by those who can relish the salt taste of the poetry of Crabbe, in the charm of Wells-by-the-Sea.

Yet its name tells of one great attraction that it owns. It is on the sea; is an ancient port, with a great harbour—dangerous enough when winds blow from the east or north-east (which is generally)—lying, amid level salt-marshes, beside the bare north coast of Norfolk, with its narrow islands moored alongside, and the gray German ocean beyond.

It is an old-fashioned working-town, of importance in its day, built with a certain largeness, unlike the cramped new towns of modern commerce. Round about it lies a country of ancient and interesting history; close at hand are the magnificent and famous Holkham Hall and Park; the beautiful little town of Walsingham is but four miles off.

And there is the keen and splendid sea air of this eastern coast—a little to the south lies Cromer, which is, it is to be feared, just creeping into fashion. Still, in all unfashionable Norfolk, living is most cheap and good and comfortable. Going from the show part of Warwickshire to Swaffham in Norfolk, I found that hotel bills went down just about 50 percent. The Americans never go there—is that the reason? Partly, I think; and, on this—I will not say on any other—ground, their absence from a place is a sign as favourable as the diminution of population before named.

E. R.

NAVAL JUBILEE GIFT TO THE QUEEN.

At the Royal United Service Institution, the committee appointed by the Royal Naval and Marine services have placed on view the memorial gift which the services have presented to her Majesty. The gift consists of two models in silver of ships of war, illustrative of the Royal Navy when her Majesty ascended the throne and of the present time, the one representing 1837 being the Britannia, 120 gun three-decker ship, the other being the Victoria, launched last year. The Britannia model, including bowsprit and spanker boom, is 31 in. long, and the ship is built in silver, there being some 4000 pieces, and her masts, bowsprit, and yards are built of more than 370 pieces. She has the elaborate stern, galleries, and carved side-ports of the old ship, and the rigging has been done with the assistance of an old bluejacket. The ship is at anchor on a blue sea. The Victoria model is 34 in. long, and is built up in about 7000 pieces. She has been made from a set of drawings supplied by Sir William Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., the builders of the Victoria, which is now lying in the Medway. Thus complete accuracy has been secured for the model of this huge ironclad, which possesses revolving turret and two 110-ton guns, Nordenfeldt guns, electric search-light towers, flying-bridge, anchors, and boats. All the work has been done to scale; and even the boats, of which there are a dozen, with a torpedo-boat, have been built. These models, which are works of art in silver, were manufactured by Messrs. Hodd and Son, of Hatton-garden.

H.M.S. VICTORIA AT NEWCASTLE.

The new first-class ship of war Victoria, built at Elswick, on the Tyne, by Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., for her Majesty's Government, went down the river on April 6, passing under the High-Level Bridge and through the Swing Bridge, to lie at Newcastle Quay for a day or two, after which she proceeded to Chatham Dockyard. She was towed by four powerful tugs, two in front of her and one at each side. Being the largest vessel ever launched on the Tyne, she was an object of great interest to the townfolk, and her progress was watched by tens of thousands of spectators on the river banks, wharves, and quays, and on the bridges. Several of the Tyne Commissioners and of the Corporation of Newcastle were on the wooden structure below the Swing Bridge, carefully observing the passage of that point by the huge ship, which drew 24 ft. of water forward and 25 ft. aft; but the river had been dredged for the occasion, and the depth was sufficient. There was a momentary anxiety about the width of the space between the wooden pier here and the stone pier of the High Level Bridge, alongside of which a raft had been moored, while another raft was attached to the other side of the ship, to prevent her crushing directly against either one or the other. The ship actually came so close to the wooden pier that the intervening timbers were ground and splintered, and the chains of the raft were snapped, by the enormous force of her momentum; but no real damage was done. As she got past the bridges a hearty cheer was raised by the people on them and on the shore, to which the ship responded with a mighty screech of her fog-horn. Messrs. P. M. Laws and Son took a photograph, which is copied in our Illustration.

A four days' bazaar in aid of the building fund of the St. Mary, Hornsey-rise, Jubilee House and Coffee Palace, was opened on April 17 by the Duchess of Rutland in the large hall of the building.

The Church of England Young Men's Society held their second annual gymnastic display on April 19 at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon-street; and on the same evening the German Gymnastic Society had their annual entertainment at the gymnasium, Pancras-road.

Mr. Chamberlain was presented, at a conversazione in the Birmingham Townhall on April 18, with upwards of seventy addresses of congratulation on the result of his recent mission, from Liberal and Radical Unionists of Great Britain and Ireland.

The second edition and cheaper issue of the novel, "John Westacott," is now in preparation, and will appear next month. Mr. James Baker, the author, is at present on a tour in Greece in company with Mr. Walter Crane. An article written and illustrated by these two gentlemen will shortly appear in the English Illustrated Magazine.

The last Brompton Hospital entertainment of the twenty-first season took place on Tuesday, April 17, and consisted of the comedy of "Meg's Diversion," the characters being sustained by Miss F. Vivian (as Margaret Crow), Miss S. Vivian (Cornelia Crow), Miss Chamberlain (Mrs. Netwell), Mr. E. F. Nugent (Jeremy Crow), Mr. H. Duff (Sir Ashley Merton), the Hon. R. Somerset (Roland Pigeon), Mr. Earle (Eytem), and Mr. George C. Nugent (Jasper Pigeon). The whole performance, which was exceedingly well acted, called forth repeated expressions of delight from the patients, who were indebted for this enjoyable entertainment to the ever-ready kindness and sympathy of Mr. George C. Nugent, Grenadier Guards. The Hon. Mrs. Charles Eliot (pianoforte) and the Misses Eliot (violin and violoncello) played a selection of music during the evening.

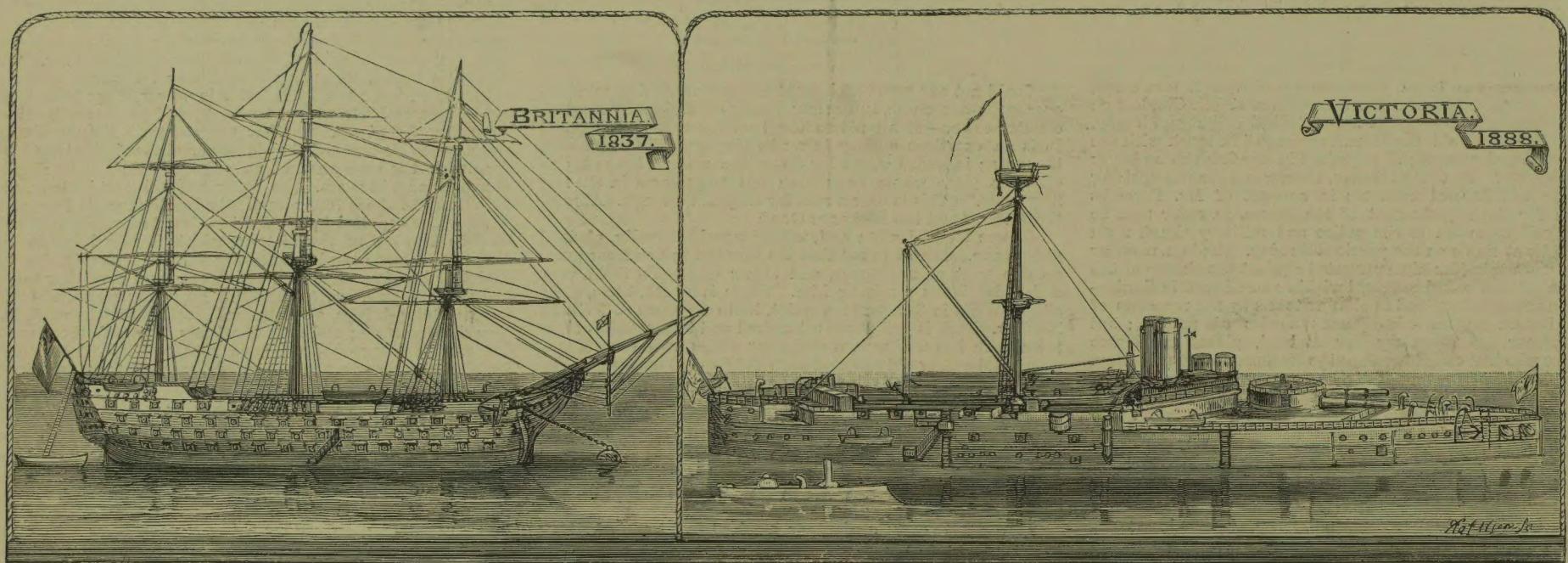
THE LATE MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD.

The sudden death, from heart disease, of this accomplished and favourite writer, a refined, contemplative poet, an essayist of decided originality, and master of a graceful and engaging style, will be regretted by contemporary readers. He was sixty-five years of age, having been born on Dec. 24, 1822, at Laleham, the eldest son of the Rev. Dr. Thomas Arnold, who, in 1827, became Head Master of Rugby. Matthew Arnold was educated first at a private school kept by the Rev. J. Buckland at Laleham, then passed one year at Winchester, under the Rev. Dr. Moberly, and in 1837 entered Rugby School, where he remained several years under his father, and won an exhibition in 1841, having previously won the open scholarship at Balliol College, Oxford. In his University career, he obtained second-class honours, but won the Hertford scholarship for Latin, and the Newdigate prize for an English poem on "Cromwell." He was elected a Fellow of Oriel College in 1845. In 1847, he became private secretary to the late Marquis of Lansdowne. His first literary publication, in 1848, was a volume of "Poems, by A." containing "The Strayed Reveller," and other pieces. For a short time, he acted as an assistant master at Rugby, but in 1851 was appointed an Inspector of Schools, having married the daughter of Mr. Justice Wightman. In 1853, he published "Empedocles on Etna, and other Poems," and another volume of poetry in the next year. He was elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford University in 1857, and held that Professorship ten years. It led to some of the most valuable of his literary work; three lectures on translating Homer, printed in 1861, and those on the study of Celtic literature, in 1867. "Merope," a tragedy in the Greek classic style, was published in 1858. Meanwhile, he served as Government inspector of schools, and as special commissioner, in 1859 and 1860, and again in 1865, to examine the French and German systems of education for the middle and lower classes. He wrote much in the reviews and magazines; in 1865, some of his "Essays in Criticism" were collected, and established his reputation as a prose writer. His official reports on foreign education showed that he was an admirer of French methods.

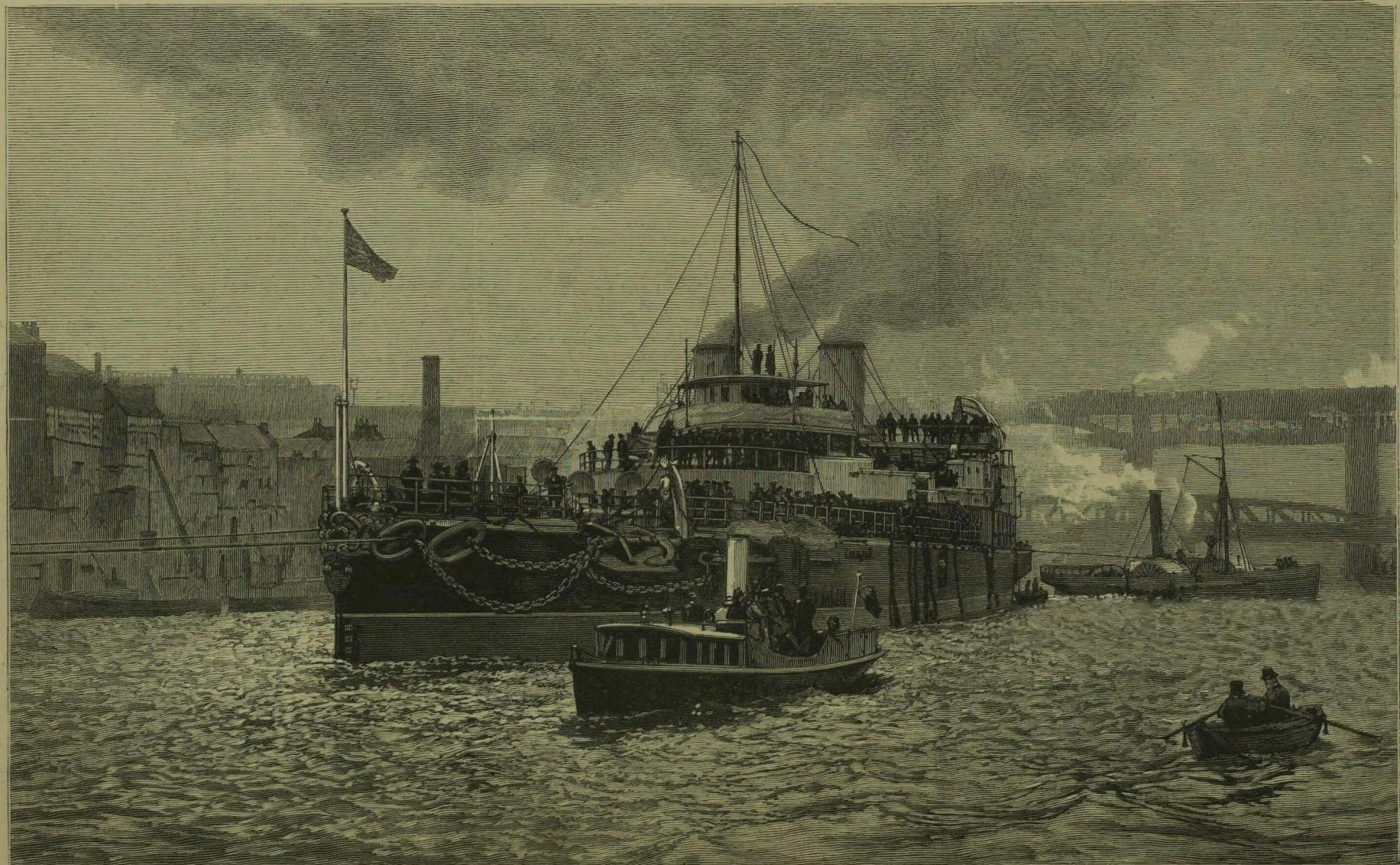


THE LATE MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD.

and the intellectual "lucidity" of the best French authors had a great fascination for him. He seemed to grow impatient of English obtuseness to ideas; and, in 1869, opened a brisk battery of satirical censure on all classes of his own countrymen, in a volume entitled "Culture and Anarchy." The English aristocracy were described as noble "Barbarians" who would learn nothing but riding and shooting; the English middle classes, as what German students called the "Philistines," foes to divine illumination; and the English common people as dull, soulless drudges. "Hebraism," an exaggerated worship of Biblical authority, was contrasted with "Hellenism," the worship of intellectual grace and insight; and we were bidden to seek an ampler infusion of "sweetness and light." The sentiments conveyed by these and similar phrases, which Mr. Matthew Arnold employed with peculiar piquancy, run through all his subsequent writings. They are suggestive, but he was apparently never capable of reducing them to a precise scientific definition; and he rather played with ethical, theological, and political questions, displaying his wit and sportive humour, than strove to lay the foundations of solid thought. He was, indeed, more of a controversial satirist than a philosopher; and his essays on religion, "St. Paul and Protestantism," "Literature and Dogma," "God and the Bible," are inconclusive. With the politics of the day, likewise, he dealt in a spirit of affected candour, but of superlative disregard for practical measures, and with an avowed dislike to party action. He found much fault, latterly, with the morals of the French nation, and with the "want of distinction and beauty" in the social life of the United States, as well as with the dullness, narrowness, and insensibility of the English temperament; and he cherished a particular dislike of Dissenters, though he was fond of girding at the Bishops. One of his most amusing books is a satire on English affairs, from a German point of view, "Conversations with Arminius." But his really valuable work is to be found in contributions to purely literary criticism, and in his graceful, studiously posed and modelled, poems. He was a Doctor of Laws of the Universities of Oxford and Edinburgh, and was personally known in America, where he delivered a series of lectures. Our Portrait is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.



THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE GIFT FROM THE ROYAL NAVY: MODELS OF H.M.S. BRITANNIA AND H.M.S. VICTORIA.

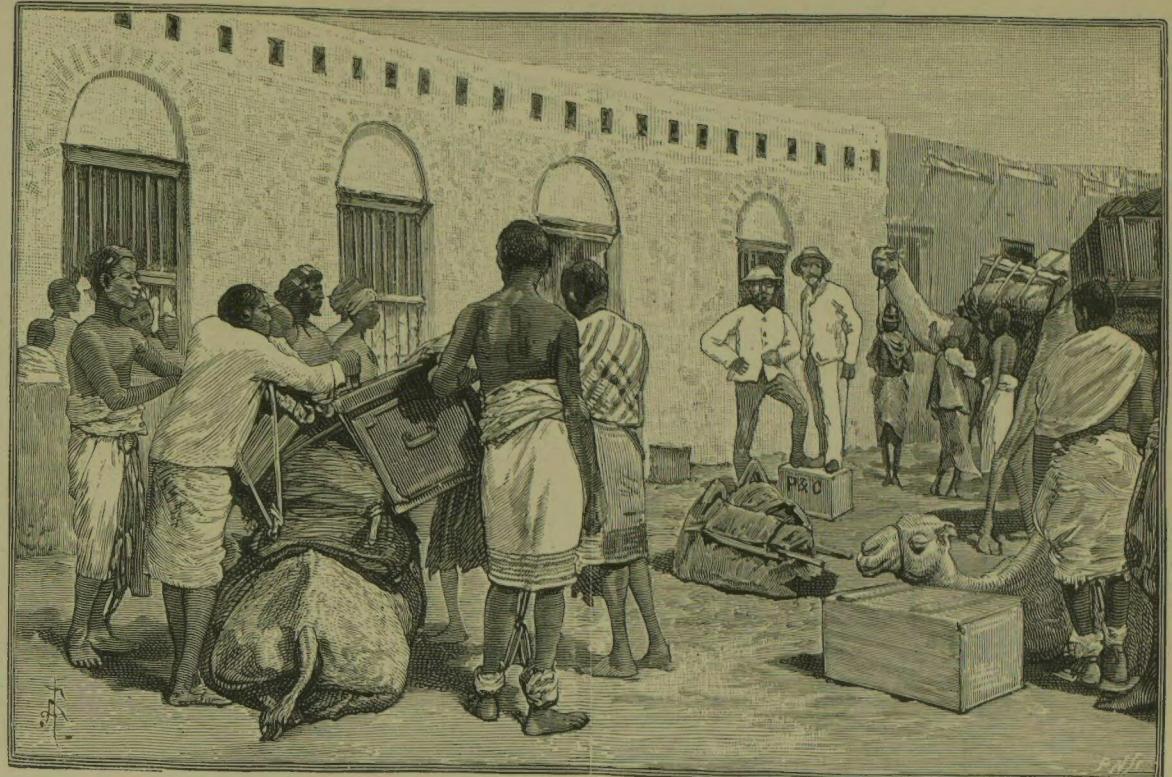


H.M.S. VICTORIA PASSING DOWN THE TYNE AT NEWCASTLE.

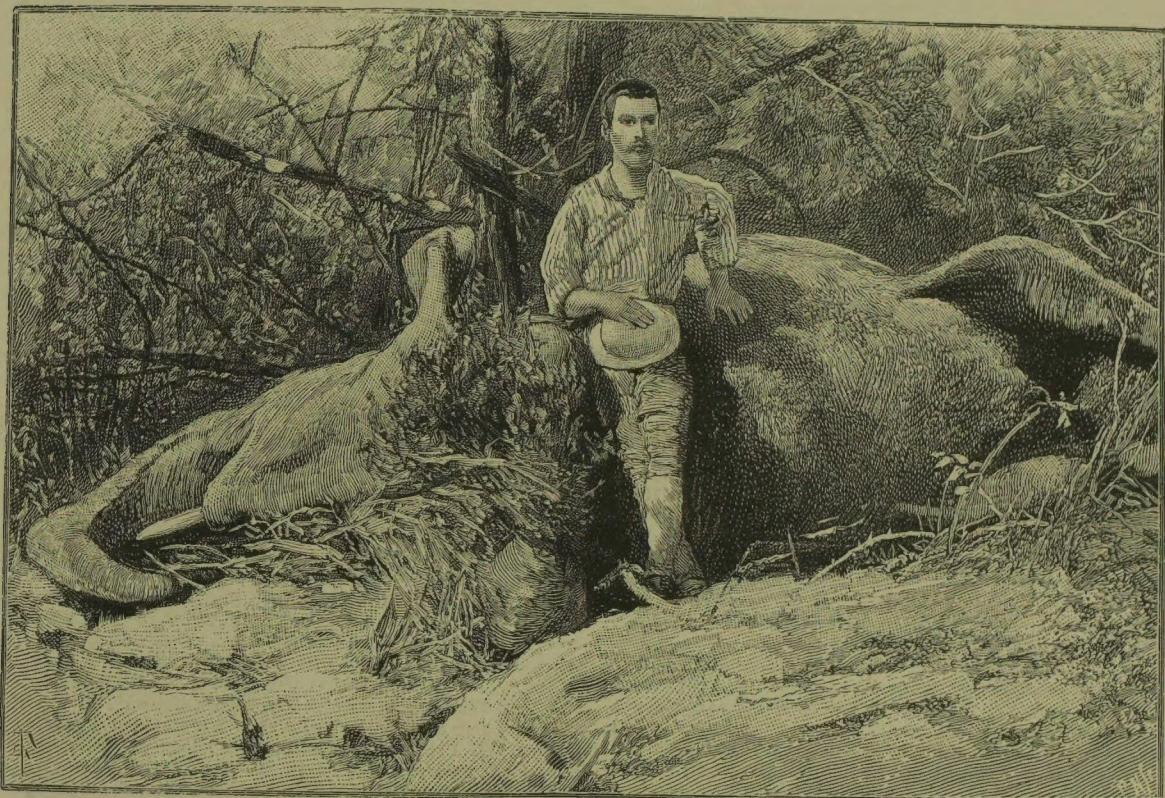
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY P. M. LAWES AND SON.



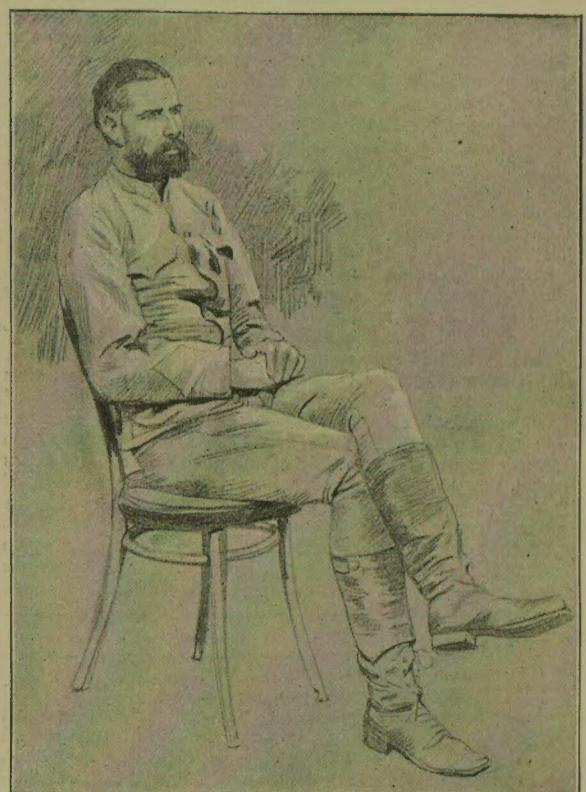
THE LATE MR. WALTER INGRAM.



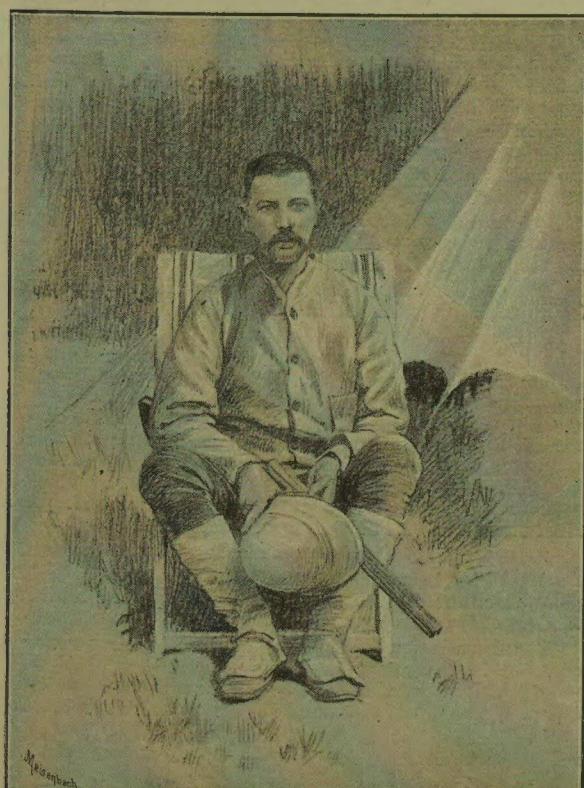
THE START FROM BERBERA.



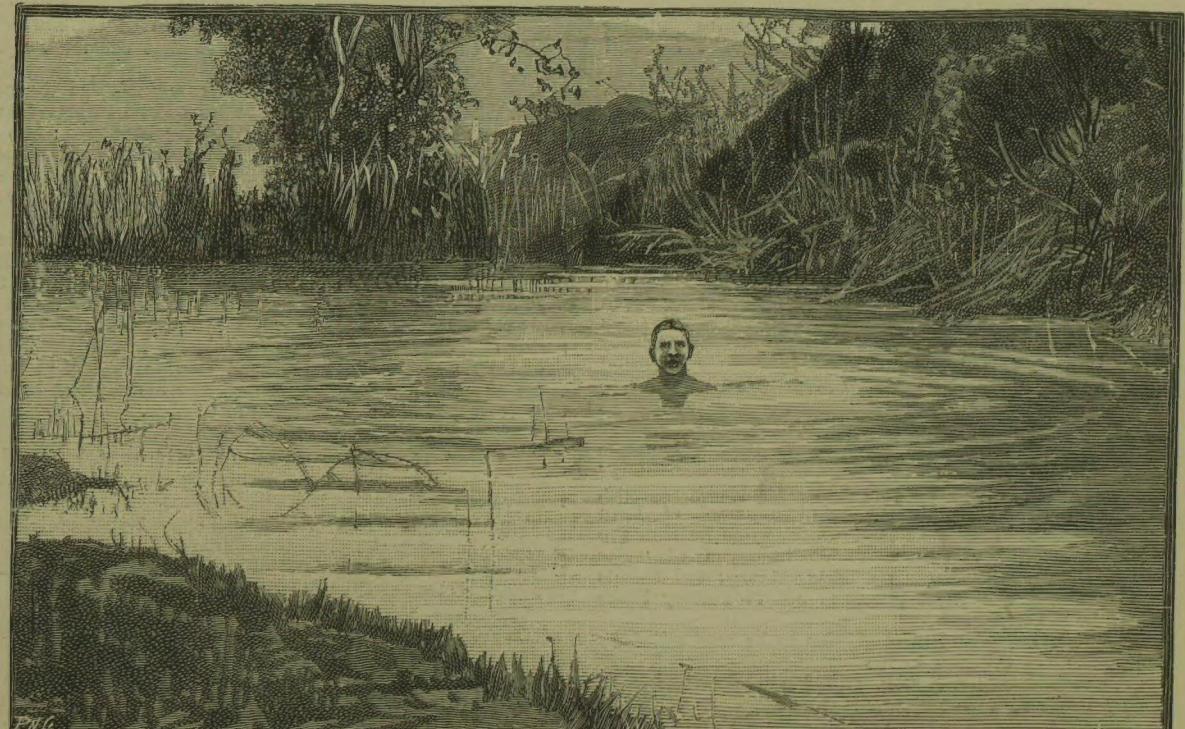
THE DEAD ELEPHANT.



OUR HOST, MR. MORRISON.



ONE OF THE PARTY.



MORNING BATH.

ELEPHANT-HUNTING AT BERBERA, ON THE AFRICAN COAST OF THE GULF OF ADEN.

FORGOTTEN AUTHORS.

Sitting this morning in a good library of English authors, I am reminded of the great uncertainty of literary fame. Not only are writers forgotten whose popularity was at one time far beyond their merits; but it would seem that men of no small originality, and even genius, occasionally share the same fate. There is, indeed, no kind of fame more lasting than that achieved by literature; but what works will win permanent reputation the wisest critic may find it impossible to say. Genius alone will not ensure popularity. Donne, Cowley, and Crashaw had it in large measure; but the general reader of our day cannot probably quote twenty lines from their verses; and Drayton, though he has written the finest battle-lyric in the language, the loveliest of love-sonnets, and a most delicious piece of phantasy in his "Nymphidia," has but slight public recognition. I have heard, too, that there are students of poetry who have never read the "Faerie Queene," and it is certain that Milton does not owe his fame to the number of his readers. I doubt much whether his contemporary, Jeremy Taylor, "the Shakspeare of divines," the most eloquent of writers, and, in some respects, one of the weightiest, has a widespread reputation. I am sure he is not popular to the degree in which some second-rate living divines are popular. Death lays his icy hands on authors as well as on Kings, and time covers them with dust with as little discrimination.

Books are not placed upon these shelves with any regard to chronology, and dates, therefore, need not concern me. I will take up a volume that belongs to our own century. Hannah More, whom Dr. Johnson scolded for flattery, wrote many books and won an immense amount of popularity. At least five biographies of this estimable lady have been published, and I believe you may buy her works in eleven volumes for as many shillings. During her long lifetime their circulation was enormous. Her "Sacred Dramas" went through nineteen editions; her play called "Percy" was not only popular on the stage, but four thousand copies were sold in a fortnight; and the entire first edition of her "Essay on St. Paul" was disposed of in a single day. In 1808 she published "Cœlebs in Search of a Wife," which is a moral discourse in the form of a story; and the titlepage of the copy before me, dated two years later, shows that the book had then reached its thirteenth edition. Cœlebs is a virtuous young bachelor of twenty-four, with ample means and refined tastes, who, as he drives along in a post-chaise exclaims, "I do not want a Helen, a Saint Cecilia, or a Madame Dacier; yet she must be elegant, or I should not love her; sensible, or I should not respect her; prudent, or I could not confide in her; well-informed, or she could not educate my children; well-bred, or she could not entertain my friends; consistent, or I should offend the shade of my mother; pious, or I should not be happy with her, because the prime comfort in a companion for life is the delightful hope that she will be a companion for eternity!" This model hero meets, of course, at last with a heroine possessing all the virtues. It would, indeed, need Hannah More's eloquence to describe the excellences of Lucilla Stanley, whose sense of duty is so strong that when working in the garden, which is her greatest enjoyment, she hangs her watch up in the conservatory, in order not to exceed the time allotted for this pleasure. It is clear that young ladies budding into womanhood in the first decade of the century must have liked this story; but the girls of our day will not read "Cœlebs," and this highly moral production, which was translated into French and praised by Madame De Staël, is now covered with the dust of years.

In glancing through "Cœlebs" I observe that the hero says of a passage in Akenside's "Pleasures of the Imagination" that he knows nothing more splendid in the whole mass of our poetry; and his companion observes that, either from the rage for novelty or a real degeneracy of taste, he now seldom hears of a poet who, when he was a boy, was the admiration of every one who had a relish for true genius. Such praise of Akenside is a gross exaggeration; but if it be admitted, as it may be, that he had genius, it is still more certain that he belongs to the poets whom few people take the trouble to read.

"The lovely young Lavinia once had friends," and, of course, we all belong to the number, and are ready to assert, with her poet, that such loveliness

Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is when unadorned adorned the most.

What! is it possible that the generation of Mudie and Grosvenor readers does not know this fair maiden, whose poetical father is, according to Hazlitt, perhaps the most popular of all our poets? "That," said Coleridge, seeing a little, shabby, soiled copy of Thomson's "Seasons" lying on the window-seat of a country ale-house—"That is true fame"; and a living critic writes of Thomson's "immense and enduring popularity." In spite of a vicious style, it is not likely that he will be ever wholly neglected by the students of poetry, for his merits as a descriptive poet are great indeed; but "The Seasons" is no longer to be found on the window-seats of inns. There is certainly no demand for the book at railway bookstalls, neither is it one of the volumes patronised by the generous donors of showy and cheap school prizes. "Proverbial Philosophy," by the way, had once a brisk run for this purpose; but it has died before its author.

In 1805, a young Baptist minister, John Foster by name, wrote a volume of essays, which might be more fitly called treatises, the first of which, on "Decision of Character," was so popular that it may be said to have given a title to the nook. It is evident that here, at least, was genuine originality, both of thought and style; the mode of thinking and of expression reminding one of no other writer. It might be possible to object to the writer's arguments, to contest his power was impossible. Foster is not lively, though he sometimes makes a blundering effort to be so, but he is intensely earnest; and it is remarkable that a book of this class, which has little to recommend it to the reader, whose chief object is amusement, should have reached twenty-two editions in forty years. The book is now to be found in Bohn's Standard Library, and has, it is to be feared, the privilege awarded to many standard works of being placed upon the library shelves and left there. A writer equally popular, at one time, but by no means worthy of his fame, lived to see the vanity of the bubble reputation. Robert Montgomery, the author of "Satan" and "Woman" whose poems passed through many editions, died before his death under the ruthless sword of Lord Macaulay, of whom it may be said, "And thrice he slew the slain!" One small volume, a feeble imitation of "The Christian Year," still remains on these shelves; and this is well, for it is a somewhat graceless act to destroy books presented by the writer.

Churchill, "the great Churchill," for so he was called by Cowper, was not great even in his best moments; but he was clever, impudent, and vigorous, and his happy knack of satirising living men gave him an instant popularity. It was as much as he deserved, and the man who is said once to have had the chance of a place in Westminster Abbey has been unable to stand for a brief century "against the tooth of time and razure of oblivion." Cowper himself, too, is under a temporary eclipse; though I do not think it can be more than temporary, for is he not one of the happiest of letter-writers; and has he not written us "The Task"?—a poem worthy of

Southey's eulogy, who observes that the best didactic poems when compared with it are like "formal gardens in comparison with woodland scenery"; and is it possible that oblivion can ever overtake the author of the lines and sonnet to Mrs. Unwin, of the poems "On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture" and "On the Loss of the Royal George," and of that most pathetic of lyrics, "The Castaway"? A dainty-looking edition of Crabbe's works in eight volumes attracts my eye. He is a poet in whom Scott delighted, and who has received warm praise from Mr. Swinburne for his tragic power and pathos; yet Crabbe, whom we may be said to owe to Burke—and never did poet find a nobler friend—is, like that great political philosopher, comparatively neglected by the modern reader. My six volumes of Burke I read with more admiration for his profound wisdom than for his rhetoric. Crabbe I turn to at those moments of leisure in steam-boat, omnibus, or train, when a gentle stimulant is needed to keep the mind awake. He never tires me; but then I am, perhaps, a little old-fashioned, and, though belonging to our century (he died in 1832), it is to be feared that his remarkable verse is as unfamiliar to the reader as the "Night Thoughts" of Young, another of the once famous poems that has now lost its savour. It was, Rogers tells us, a very favourite book, especially with ladies, in his youthful days; and there was a time, strange to say, when Rogers was himself one of the most popular of poets. So also was Campbell, whose "Pleasures of Hope," written when he was one-and-twenty, brought him nearly £1000 in cash and ample fame to boot. Yet it is not on that poem, but on his war lyrics that Campbell's reputation rests.

Here I must end a paper which, unfortunately for the authors who write in the hope of lasting reputation, might be extended to a volume. The "fools to fame" are innumerable; those who have won it have been often those who have sought after it the least. "Emulation," says the poet Daniel, "is the strongest pulse that beats in high minds." It may be so; but it has been known to beat also in minds that are eminently small. "The great Twalmley," who invented a box-iron for smoothing linen, had, no doubt, abundance of emulation; but, although he called himself "great," the world has not admitted the claim. J. D.

THE LATE MR. WALTER INGRAM.

We announced last week the death of Mr. Walter Herbert Ingram, killed by a wounded elephant in a hunting expedition near Berbera, on the African coast of the Gulf of Aden. He was the youngest son of Mr. Herbert Ingram, the founder and proprietor of *The Illustrated London News*, and M.P. for Boston. Mr. Walter Ingram was born in December, 1855, and was educated at Eton, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his degree of B.A. In 1879 he went to South Africa, where he witnessed some of the incidents of the Zulu War, and extracts from his letters during that campaign were given in our Journal. He held a commission in the Middlesex Yeomanry Cavalry. In 1884 he resolved to accompany the army of Lord Wolseley sent up the Nile to the relief of General Gordon at Khartoum. He took his own steam-launch, in which he passed from the Mediterranean through the Suez Canal to Ismailia, and thence by the Sweet Water Canal to Cairo, and into the Nile; then he came up the river, with a crew of one engineer and an Arab boy. His Arab boy soon deserted, as he was quite sure they would be drowned. In ascending the cataract at Dal, his boat turned right over, and went spinning down the rapids, keel upwards. The engineer could not swim, and Mr. Ingram saved his life; he then recovered the boat, rigged up whatever canvas he could, and went on alone, up the river to Korti. He joined the expedition of the Camel brigade commanded by Sir Herbert Stewart across the Bayuda desert, taking part in the conflicts at Abou Klea and Metamme. He further accompanied Sir Charles Wilson and Lord Charles Beresford, from Jan. 24 to Feb. 4, in their trip up the river from Gubat to Khartoum, where their two steam-boats were exposed for hours to the heavy fire of the enemy's batteries and troops. They got within near sight of Khartoum, ascertained the fate of Gordon, and in returning underwent fresh perils, their vessels being wrecked, and had to encamp on the island of Mernat until they were relieved. The following notice of him is extracted from the journal of Sir Charles Wilson, dated Jan. 22, relating to the reconnaissance down the river from Gubat with Lord Charles Beresford:—"On the way back, he (Lord Charles Beresford) asked me to appoint Mr. Ingram, to the Naval Brigade, as he had no officers, and could not go about himself. To this I was glad to give my consent, and made him an acting-lieutenant Royal Navy on the spot. Mr. Ingram was a keen soldier, and fought in the front rank as a volunteer in the squares at Abou Klea and Metamme. At one time he was outside the square at Abou Klea; but always cool and collected, using his rifle with good effect. Many of us had noticed his gallantry, and his quiet determined manner, so that it was a real pleasure to be able to give him some definite position with the force. I hope it may be the means of getting him a commission; men of his stamp are invaluable at critical moments, such as that when the square was broken."

The telegrams from Aden, which communicated the news of Mr. Walter Ingram's death, give no precise information of the date or the place where this disaster happened; but the hunting-party which he had joined was supposed to have moved about forty miles from Berbera. He had recently sent home a few photographs taken by himself, representing some incidents of this expedition, which are reproduced in our Engravings; they include the scene at starting from Berbera; the portrait of Mr. Morrison, resident agent of the British Government, which has established a Protectorate over that part of the coast; also, the portraits of one or two of Mr. Walter Ingram's comrades; "the morning bath" in a cool spring of fresh water; and a slain elephant with the hunter seated by its side. The expected private letters, in which Mr. Walter Ingram would have narrated his elephant-hunting experiences, have not yet arrived in London.

The Emperor of Austria on April 16 opened the Maria Theresa Exhibition, a most interesting collection of articles relative to the reign of the great Empress.

A new cabman's shelter has been opened at Warwick-road, Maida-vale. It is the gift of residents in Warrington-crescent and neighbourhood, and will make the fortieth shelter under the management of the "Shelter Fund."

The Shaw, Saville, and Albion Company's steamer Ionic, which arrived at Plymouth on April 16 from Wellington (New Zealand), brought 19,744 carcasses of sheep, 9737 lambs, 600 pieces of beef, 3412 legs of mutton, 15 cases of kidneys and sweetbreads; also a quantity of garden produce from Tenerife.

A bronze memorial statue of the late Bishop Fraser was unveiled by the Mayor of Manchester, in the presence of an immense assemblage, in Albert-square, Manchester, on April 14. The statue, which has cost over £3000, is nine feet high, and stands on a pedestal of Aberdeen granite, on three sides of which are bas-reliefs. The Bishop of Manchester delivered an address.

THE COURT.

QUEEN VICTORIA AT FLORENCE.

Her Majesty is in good health. It is now understood that she will return to Windsor on April 27. Princess Woronzow dined with the Queen on April 10, and afterwards her Majesty received Mr. Henry Cadogan and Mr. Colnaghi, her Majesty's Consul-General. Next morning the Queen visited the Badia Church and the Duomo. In the afternoon her Majesty received the Marchese Gerini and Signor Barsi, who presented a medal and engravings commemorative of the completion of the facade of the Duomo. The Queen also received the Contessa Baldelli, Vice-President of the Florentine Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Princess Beatrice, attended by the Dowager Lady Churchill and Lieutenant-Colonel Clerk, visited the Marchese Giulia Torrigiani. The Queen and Princess Beatrice, attended by the suite, drove out on the morning of April 12 to witness a review, arranged in honour of her Majesty, of the Regiment of Lancers, of which the Duke d'Aosta is Honorary Colonel. The Princess afterwards went for a drive. In the afternoon the Queen and her Royal Highness, attended by Lady Churchill and Sir H. Ponsonby, Major Bigge, and Colonel Clark, visited the Emperor and Empress of Brazil at the Hôtel della Pace, and subsequently drove in the Boboli Gardens. The Queen received at night Prince and Princess Strozzi, Prince and Princess Scilla, the Marchesa Eliza Torrigiani, the Commendatore Ubaldino Peruzzi, Donna Emilia Peruzzi, and General Ponzia Vaglia. On the morning of April 13 the Queen and Princess Beatrice walked in the gardens of the villa Palmieri. In the afternoon her Majesty and the Princess, with the suite, visited the Certosa di Val d'Ema, and were conducted through the monastery. The Princess, attended by the suite, afterwards went over the synagogue. The Emperor and Empress of Brazil left Florence for Naples. Professor Hermann Corradi was presented to the Queen. The Queen remained in the gardens of the villa on the morning of April 14. Prince Henry and Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg arrived from Malta. It being the birthday of Princess Henry of Battenberg, the band of the 94th Infantry Regiment played a selection of music in the gardens of the villa. The Princess received numerous superb bouquets, including one from the Queen of Servia and one from Mrs. Colnaghi, wife of the British Consul-General. Among the callers at the villa were Prince Strozzi, Prince and Princess Scilla, Colonel Bagalovitch, representing the Queen of Servia, Marchesa Torrigiani, Signor and Signora Gadda, and Signor Peruzzi. The Michael Angelo band played in the grounds for two hours in the afternoon. The King of Würtemberg was received in the afternoon by the Queen and the Princess, and subsequently her Majesty, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry and Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg, drove to the Villa Petraia. Prince and Princess Louis left in the evening. Among those who received invitations to the villa in the evening were the Dowager Lady Wenlock, Lady Windsor, Lady Paget, and Lady Adela Larking, the Dean of Windsor and Mrs. Davidson, and Mr., Mrs., and the Misses Colnaghi. Signor Sbolci's orchestra played during the evening, a solo on the harp being performed by Signor Lorenzi. Signor Sbolci was subsequently presented to her Majesty, who expressed her thanks. On Sunday morning, April 15, the Queen and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, with the members of the Royal household, attended Divine service in the Villa Palmieri, the Dean of Windsor officiating. In the afternoon the Queen, accompanied by the Prince and Princess, drove to Fiesole. Several ladies and gentlemen of the Italian Court were invited to dine with her Majesty in the evening. The Queen remained in the Villa Palmieri all the morning on Tuesday. In the afternoon her Majesty, with Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, visited the chapel of San Lorenzo, and afterwards drove in the Boboli Gardens. The King of Sweden has left Florence.

The Prince of Wales, on his return from Sandown Park on Saturday, April 14, proceeded to Sandringham. The Princess of Wales and her daughters made several excursions in the neighbourhood during the past week. The Prince and Princess, with Prince Albert Victor, the three Princesses, and attended by the ladies and gentlemen of the household, were present at Divine service at Sandringham church on Sunday morning, April 15, at which the Rev. H. Smith officiated and preached the sermon. Lady Knutsford, the wife of the Secretary of State for the Colonies, has addressed a letter to the Prince and Princess of Wales, requesting their acceptance of a sum of money collected in various British colonies, and asking them to select some object which may be bought as a memorial of their Silver Wedding. Her Ladyship mentions that the subscription was limited to a small amount, and that the contributors include persons of all classes and of many races. Their Royal Highnesses have sent a gracious reply, expressing the very sincere pleasure with which they have received this mark of sympathy. Prince George of Wales, who came to England a month ago on leave of absence to attend the celebration of the Silver Wedding of the Prince and Princess of Wales, left London on April 12 for Malta, to resume his duties on board her Majesty's ship Dreadnought.

The Empress of Austria and the Archduchess Marie Valerie and their respective suites left Bournemouth on Monday, morning, April 16, for Newhaven, where they embarked on board the steamer Normandy for Dieppe.

Prince and Princess Oscar of Sweden and Norway, who came to town from Bournemouth on April 14, left on the morning of the 17th for Dover, en route for Stockholm.

Princess Frederica of Hanover and suite left Charing-cross Station by the Continental train on April 15 for Cologne.

Princess Christian was on April 14 presented by the inhabitants of Windsor with a pendant of sapphires and rubies and a pearl-shaped pearl drop, in recognition of the valuable work accomplished by her Royal Highness among the poor of the town.—On the Saturday Prince Christian Victor, eldest son of Prince and Princess Christian, having attained his majority, was presented with the freedom of the town of Windsor. His Highness received from the Queen a cheque for a thousand pounds and a gold chain, and valuable presents from other members of the Royal family.

A collision between the steam-ship Vena and the Bella took place near the Goodwin Sands early on April 16, resulting in the loss of fourteen lives.

The Convocation for the Northern Province was commenced on April 17, in York Minster. The Archbishop of York, who presided, addressed the whole Synod prior to the Houses sitting separately, as to the best means of conducting their business.

In London, last week, 2831 births and 1692 deaths were registered. Allowing for increase of population, the births exceeded by 62, while the deaths were 126 below, the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years.

A deputation waited upon the Lord Mayor on April 17, and obtained his consent to the holding of a meeting at the Mansion House on May 3, in support of the movement to celebrate the tercentenary of the defeat of the Spanish Armada, on July 19 next.

ALLUSION.

There can be no question that the happy introduction of a pertinent quotation is one of those artifices, or rather graces, of style, which add greatly to the reader's enjoyment. It makes him conscious of a double pleasure: that which the quotation in itself affords, and that which he derives from observation of the skill shown in the application of it. Further, he is insensibly flattered by the delicate compliment to his judgment which the author conveys in thus furnishing the testimony or opinion of other writers in support or illustration of his own. His attention, if it have flagged a little, is suddenly revived and refreshed by a passage differing in structure, and perhaps in tone, from what has preceded it. Much, of course, depends upon the way in which this kind of ornament is made use of. When page after page is thick-studded with quotations, until the author's originality is crushed beneath them, like Tarpeia beneath her golden bracelets, the reader's feeling is far from being one of unalloyed satisfaction. Even if the things themselves are rich and rare, he wonders how the dicken they got there. And what can be more offensive than a quotation dragged in *ri et armis*, like a prisoner struggling in the grasp of his jailer? It awakens in us a sentiment of regret, just as when we see a good man forcibly thrust into some unbecoming position. Nor are we by any means gratified if the quotation be as trite and musty as our grandsire's proverbs, or as familiar as our daily bread. There's a ragged regiment of quotations wandering up and down our magazines and newspapers, which should long ago have been drafted off to some secure asylum. Their appearance in any book of pretensions to decency is painfully objectionable, for long usage has hung them with shreds and tatters which scarcely serve to cover their nakedness. But when a quotation is not only appropriate but new, not only fresh but felicitous; when it is admirable in matter and manner, and employed with consummate ease; when it is not obtruded ostentatiously, but rather (so to speak) insinuated; when it falls into its place like a jewel into its setting,—we recognise it with delight as a rare and graceful and judicious embellishment, and are thankful to the writer who so dexterously brings it under our notice.

Yet Allusion seems to me a much more exquisite and subtle than Quotation. For, however cunningly it be dealt with, quotation is more or less of an *interruption*. It checks the flow of discourse; it is, if you will, a purple patch (*purpureus pannus*), but it is a patch, after all, and not of the same colour as the stuff on which it is, more or less ingeniously, embroidered. But an allusion is woven into the very woof of the composition, and hence it neither impedes, nor startles, nor surprises. It comes upon us quite spontaneously, and almost imperceptibly. It may be compared to a sprinkle of spice thrown into the loving-cup, which heightens the flavour of the wine but does not change it. Allusion, moreover, is even more complimentary to the reader's intelligence than quotation. It is as if the writer whispered in his reader's ear: "You are so widely informed, my dear Sir, on all things—human and divine—that I know I need not repeat *for you* the words of such and such a writer, or refer, with chapter and verse, to such and such a book. *For you*, the merest suggestion will, of course, suffice!" It is delightful to have one's vanity so gently tickled!

The passing breath of a flower will recall to us all we have heard and learned about it, and send our memory wandering far away through the wide expanses of the floral world. A couple of bars, or a few chords, will remind the musician of the sweep and scope of the masterpiece from which they are taken, of the genius and idiosyncrasy of its composer. In like manner a well-chosen allusion awakens in the reader's mind a living throng of thoughts and fancies, images and reminiscences. It is a kind of "Open, Sesame," admitting him at once into the heart of treasure caves and cells, and revealing their inexhaustible stores of precious things. Take, for instance, that phrase of Milton (than whom no poet is richer or more felicitous in allusion), "The snow from cold Estotiland," from that imaginary region near the Arctic Circle which a Polish adventurer claimed to have discovered. How it brings before us, as in a panorama, the wan and ghostly wilderness of icebergs and ice-fields, of frozen lands and frozen seas, where lie unburied the bleached bones of heroes, and Desolation has set up its throne! When Shakespeare speaks of Antonio's "argosy bound to Tripolis," how we are carried back to the old days of myth and legend, when Jason steered the phantom ship Argo to the shores of old Romance in search of the fabulous golden fleece! And when Longfellow alludes to "the unfinished window of Aladdin's palace," do we not at once gather up the echoes of those fictions of the gorgeous East which Scheherazade night after night poured into the insatiable ears of the Sultan Schahriah?

Writers who abound in allusion will necessarily be writers who have read variously and deeply. It is only copious fountains which can afford to be continually giving of their bounty. They must also be writers who are sensible of the value of comparison and illustration, and have something of the artist's feeling for the picturesque. In other words, they must be writers with a touch of imagination. No one would turn to the pages of Hume or Hallam for allusion; but in those of Macaulay it is so profuse as to form a distinct characteristic of his style. Thus: when he speaks of the elder Pitt's patriotism, he emphasises it by a reference to the Athenian's love for the "City of the Violet Crown." Dwelling upon the polished form in which Sir James Mackintosh delivered his opinions, he says: "They came forth, like the pillars of that temple in which no sound of axes or hammers was heard, finished, rounded, and exactly suited to their places." Of Hallam's severity as a critic, he remarks: "He is a judge, but a hanging judge, the Page or Buller of the High Court of Literary Justice." A modern reader has his compensations, he observes, if he knows nothing of the writers of antiquity: "If he is shut out from Nephelococcygia, he may take refuge in Lilliput." Here we have what I may call a double-barrelled allusion, for we are reminded at once of the broad humour of Aristophanes and the satirical wit, so keenly cynical and remorseless, of Swift. Posteriorly, he elsewhere says, judges Bacon leniently, because the trophies of his mighty intellect are full in view:—"We are judging Manlius in sight of the Capitol"—an allusion to one of the most striking episodes in the history of old Rome. One more example:—"Plato drew a good bow; but, like Acestes in Virgil, he aimed at the stars." I might go on almost *ad libitum*; certainly, columns might be filled with instances of Macaulay's allusiveness, and comments upon its exceeding felicity: for it usually serves to enforce an argument or point a moral, while answering a decorative purpose. The ornament adds to the stability as well as grace of the structure, like the Caryatides of the Greek architects, which support while they adorn.

Bacon, with his vast learning and spacious imagination, was, of course, a great master of this delicate and most exquisite art. As his "Essays" are on every reader's bookshelf, I will borrow from them two or three examples of his method. "Nature," he says, "will lie buried a great time, and yet revive upon the occasion or temptation; like as it was with *Aesop* who

damsel, turned from a cat to a woman, who sat very demurely at the board's end till a mouse ran before her." Friendship, he tells us, in its operation upon a man's mind, is "of like virtue as the alchemists used to attribute to their stone for man's body." Again: "A crowd is not company, and faces are a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love." Yet again: "This same truth is a naked and open daylight, that doth not show the masks and mummeries and triumphs of the world half so stately and daintily as candle-lights"—an allusion to the masques and spectacles, which "so did take Eliza and one James," that Bacon's contemporaries would forcibly appreciate. Once more: "So Solomon giveth his sentence, 'That all novelty is but oblivion,' whereby you may see that the river of Lethe runneth as well above ground as below."

In the profuse employment of allusions, Bacon is surpassed, however, by Bishop Jeremy Taylor, who pressed into his service natural objects and artificial, myth and legend, men and things—enriching his argument or narrative with an embroidery of sparkling gems and dainty arabesques of gold and silver. If he refers to the rainbow, it is with a suggestion as to its scientific cause. "It is half made," he says, "of the glory of light, and half of the moisture of a cloud." He compares the intermediate evils suffered by a man who has fallen from his high estate to "the Persian punishments." At the Judgment Day will be assembled "all the world that Augustus Cæsar taxed." "I shall rather furnish my study," he says, "with Plutarch and Cicero than with Cassandra and Ibrahim Bassa"—an allusion which sets one thinking of Mademoiselle De Scudéri and Calprenède, and their romances in ten or twelve folio volumes. For proofs of the Bishop's command of the art of allusion I refer the reader to his "Sermons."

Hazlitt, whose admirable critical essays are now, I think, too little read, lights up his pages with allusions as numerous as they are happy. In his "Essay on Thought and Action" I find allusions to Abraham Tucker, to the Brissotin party, to Cobbett and his method of turnip-sowing, the Dutch tulipmania, the mediaeval Schoolmen, Richardson's "Lovelace," Fox, Buonaparte, Pitt, St. Augustine, Cowley's eulogy on Oliver Cromwell, and a dozen other men and incidents, all effectively and naturally introduced—parts of the framework of his argument, not extraneous bits of decorative joinery. The dingy banking-houses of Lombard-street start him off with a telling allusion to Spenser's cave of Mammon, where dust and cobwebs concealed the roofs and pillars of solid gold. In another essay, after accusing poets of making a goddess of any dowdy, he adds: "They presently translate their favourites to the skies, where they figure with Berenice's locks and Ariadne's crown," in allusion, perhaps, to Thomas Randolph's couplet:—

Who in requital shall present you there
Ariadne's crown and Cassiopeia's chair.

Condemning florid criticism upon Art—of which in this present time we are supplied with a superabundance—he observes that "oceans of sound float before their morbid sense, which they paint in the style of Ancient Pistol."

"George Eliot"—one cannot get reconciled to calling her Mrs. Cross—is, as a matter of course, frequent in her employment of allusion. With a brief phrase, a passing touch, she will dispatch the reader's fancy on swift excursions into other worlds. Maggie Tulliver's dilapidated wooden doll, you will remember, was "a Fetish which she punished for her misfortunes." To describe Mr. Tulliver's masterfulness, she borrows an illustration from the lower forms of animal existence. "There are certain animals," she says, "to which tenacity of position is as a law of life—they can never flourish again, after a single wrench; and there are certain human beings to whom predominance is a law of life—they can only sustain humiliation so long as they can refuse to believe in it." But she is apt to be too recondite in her allusions. "It seems superfluous," she says, "when we consider the remote geographical position of the *Aethiopians*, and how very little the Greeks had to do with them, to inquire further why Homer calls them 'blameless'!" This, I imagine, must be pronounced *caviare* to the general. The Homeric geography is not a subject in which the ordinary reader is prepared to pass examination. George Eliot is partial also to classical allusions. There is a fine passage in which her reference to "the days of Hecuba and of Hector, Tamer of Horses," is couched in a high strain of poetry.

As might be expected of a man whose reading was of the widest, and his sense of the picturesque of the strongest, Scott was felicitous as well as fertile in his allusions. I open "Waverley" haphazard, and read: "Like one of those lovely forms which decorate the landscapes of Poussin." A few lines further: "Like a fair enchantress of Boiardo or Ariosto, by whose nod the scenery around seemed to have been created—an Eden in the wilderness." On another page: "Such as Salvator would have chosen to be the central object of a group of banditti." On another: "That irresistibly reminded Waverley of Ben Jonson's Tom Otter, with his Bull, Horse, and Dog, as that wag wittily denominated his chief carousing cups." I turn over a few leaves, and in quick succession find: "He began to think that he had reached the castle of Orgoglio, as entered by the victorious Prince Arthur." . . . "The scene, though pleasing, was not quite equal to the gardens of Alcina." . . . "These did not, however, like the maidens of Armida, remain to greet with their harmony the approaching guest." Equally rich in allusiveness is this great writer in his work as a poet. Here is a Scriptural allusion: "The towers which builders vain Piled on Shinar's plain"; here a classical one—"With Palinure's unaltered mood"; and here a romantic one: "As when the Champion of the Lake enters Morgana's fated house."

I think the reader will find an abundant source of entertainment in tracking his favourite writers in their application of this art of allusion, and in surveying the wide area of recollection and reminiscence which it covers. It will assist him in defining their individuality of taste, their breadth of scholarship, their method of composition. By hunting down, as it were, each allusion he meets with, he will also enlarge, if I mistake not, his stores of information; or, at all events, revive and refresh the knowledge already acquired, which, for lack of use, was mouldering away in the dusty lumber-room of the half-forgotten. I may point out, in conclusion, that a whole world of allusion is sometimes concentrated within a single word: as when Milton says of a good book that it is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit *embalmed*, and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. Consider how much is implied by that storied word "embalmed," and what a long train of ideas it suggests!—the process of embalming, the ancient Egyptians, their mummies, their monuments, their ideas of death and the future! In this kind of allusiveness Gray excels:—"Rosy-bosomed hours," "Attic warbler," "hoary Thames," "iron scourge," "purple tyrants." These are not what grammarians call "metaphors," but *allusions*, which go far beyond mere figures of speech in their object and meaning, and point to things that lie below the surface. In our own time this allusive felicity is exhibited in perfection by Matthew Arnold and Tennyson, and, among prose-writers, by Emerson and Carlyle. Had I the space I could heap Ossa upon Pelion in the way of proof, accumulate instance upon instance; but the task is one which the reader himself may undertake with pleasure and accomplish with ease.

W. H. D.-A.

THE GERMAN IMPERIAL PRINCESSES.

The painful domestic anxiety in which the illustrious Royal and Imperial Family at Berlin has been involved, and the sincere personal regard felt by all of us for the Emperor Frederick III. and the Empress Victoria, the eldest daughter of our own beloved Queen, have caused in the minds of Englishmen and Englishwomen a sense of peculiar dissatisfaction provoked by the untimely dispute that has arisen concerning the proposed betrothal of one of their children to Prince Alexander of Battenberg. It is not for us, indeed, to pronounce any positive judgment on the considerations of German national policy which Prince Bismarck may be supposed to entertain, and which his countrymen, in Prussia and in the other States of the German Federal Empire, are sufficiently patriotic and well-instructed to appreciate; and it would be unseemly for any English observer to utter a word implying that the great statesman who has successfully managed the establishment of that Empire can be capable of a timid and feeble subservience to the caprices of the Czar Alexander III. Every person tolerably informed of the actual situation of Europe will readily conceive that, if Prince Alexander, who was deprived of his lawful position as ruler of Bulgaria, notoriously by a base and treacherous intrigue and by an act of treasonable violence that reflects extreme disgrace on its abettors, were still a candidate for the Sovereignty there, which may not after all be vacant, it would be undesirable, both in the interest of Germany and in that of the general peace, that a son-in-law of the German Emperor should be the reigning Prince south of the Danube. But it is understood that this contingency is excluded, and that the proposed marriage would be simply one between a gallant and honourable member of a German Princely family and a daughter of the present King of Prussia, not in any way compromising the Imperial policy of Germany; it therefore appears to most of us a family affair which the heads of the House of Hohenzollern, the parents of her Royal Highness Princess Victoria, should deal with according to their best wisdom, for the happiness of their daughter and for the honour and prosperity of their House. Natural sympathy, and the sentiment of justice, are somewhat revolted by the assumption that these personal and domestic rights are to be set aside, with a harsh prohibition, at the dictates of an eminent Minister who studies only diplomatic and official combinations; and the glaring publicity that has been given to so delicate an affair, within the last two or three weeks, seems both cruel and unseemly, at a moment when the precarious state of the Emperor's health, and even the prospects of continued life, are the subject of grievous anxiety to the world, and must occasion deep distress in the family circle.

The three unmarried daughters of the Emperor and Empress—namely, Princess Victoria, the young lady whose betrothal to Prince Alexander of Battenberg is now in question; Princess Sophia, and Princess Margaret—are represented in the group of portraits, from photographs taken by Mr. Bassano, of 25, Old Bond-street. Princess Victoria, to whom especially, at this time, we sincerely wish all possible happiness for life, was born on April 12, 1866, and has thus reached the age of twenty-two. Princess Sophia was born on June 14, 1870; and Princess Margaret on April 22, 1872. Their elder sister, Princess Charlotte, born July 24, 1860, was married, in February, 1878, to Prince Bernhard, eldest son of the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, and has children. We cannot be indifferent to the welfare of our Queen's grandchildren, of the daughters of our own Princess Royal, though born and brought up in the Court of Berlin.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

The marriage of Mr. Charles Balfour, of Balgonie, and Lady Nina M'Donnell, youngest daughter of the late Earl of Antrim, and sister of the present Peer, was solemnised on April 12 at St. Paul's Church, Wilton-place, in the presence of a large gathering of friends. Among those present were Princess Christian and her daughter. The ceremony was fully choral. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Lord Antrim, wore a costume of white Duchesse draped with Brussels lace, and diamond ornaments. The bridesmaids were Lady Evelyn M'Donnell, Miss J. Balfour, Lady Mary Agar, the Hon. Elinor Hamilton, Miss Farquhar, and Lady Sybil M'Donnell. They were attired in costumes of white silk trimmed with pink. Mr. Dundas, of Armenton, was the best man.

A fashionable congregation assembled on the same day at St. Peter's, Eaton-square, to witness the marriage of Captain Anthony Abdy, R.A., eldest son of his Honour Judge Abdy, to Miss Laura Bonham Carter. The bride was given away by her brother; and was followed to the altar by six bridesmaids, who were attired in costumes of cream-coloured poplin and brown silk sashes and hats. The bride's dress was of ivory poult de soie, draped with embroidered crêpe de lisse. Captain E. Hollaway, Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, attended the bridegroom as best man.

At the church of All Saints', Margaret-street, on the same day, a marriage took place between Theodore Dyke Acland, third son of Sir Henry W. Acland, M.D., of Oxford, and Miss Caroline Cameron Gull, daughter of Sir William Gull. The bride was given away by her brother in the absence of her father, who was prevented by recent illness from attending the ceremony.

The marriage of Mr. Charles A. Egerton, eldest son of Lady Mary Egerton, of Mountfield Court, Sussex, and the late Mr. Edward C. Egerton, formerly M.P. for East Cheshire, took place in the church of St. Lawrence, Catsfield, near Battle, on April 17. Owing to recent mourning in both families, the wedding-party was restricted to the nearest relatives. Mr. Edwin H. Egerton, C.B. (First Secretary of the British Embassy, Paris), cousin of the bridegroom, acted as best man; and the four bridesmaids were the Hon. Muriel and the Hon. Marie Brassey, sisters of the bride, and the Misses Beatrice and Iris Brassey, her cousins.

The annual general meeting of the Church Emigration Society was held on April 13 in the Board-room of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and was well attended. The Bishop of London, who occupied the chair, said the society aimed at three things—to supply full information to those who thought of emigrating; to provide for their comfort, and escort while on board ship, and for their spiritual instruction; and to supply them with introductions to those of the clergy and laity who would do the best for them on their arrival in the country to which they went. There were great advantages in a society like that being at work under the auspices of the Church of England. The Church could do for these people what could not be done by any other agency. He believed that the society would gradually develop into a very powerful agency. The Bishop of Auckland, Sir F. Dillon Bell, the Bishop-Designate of Wakefield, Mr. Stanley Leighton, M.P., the Bishop of Brisbane, and Mr. T. Salt, M.P., were amongst those who participated in the meeting—the last-named gentleman stating that the society last year sent out 395 emigrants, of whom 345 were sent to Canada, 44 to Australasia, and 6 to the United States.



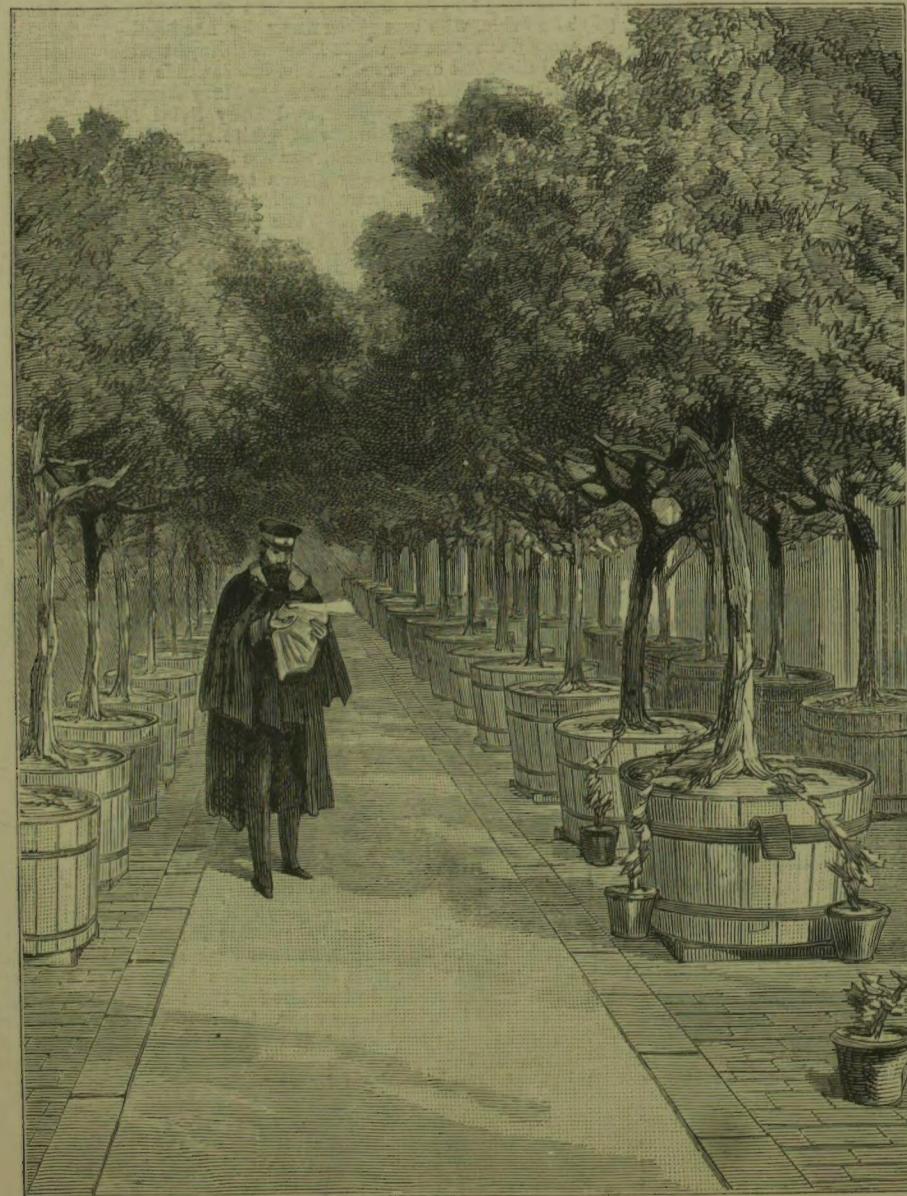
PRINCESS SOPHIA.

PRINCESS VICTORIA.

PRINCESS MARGARET.

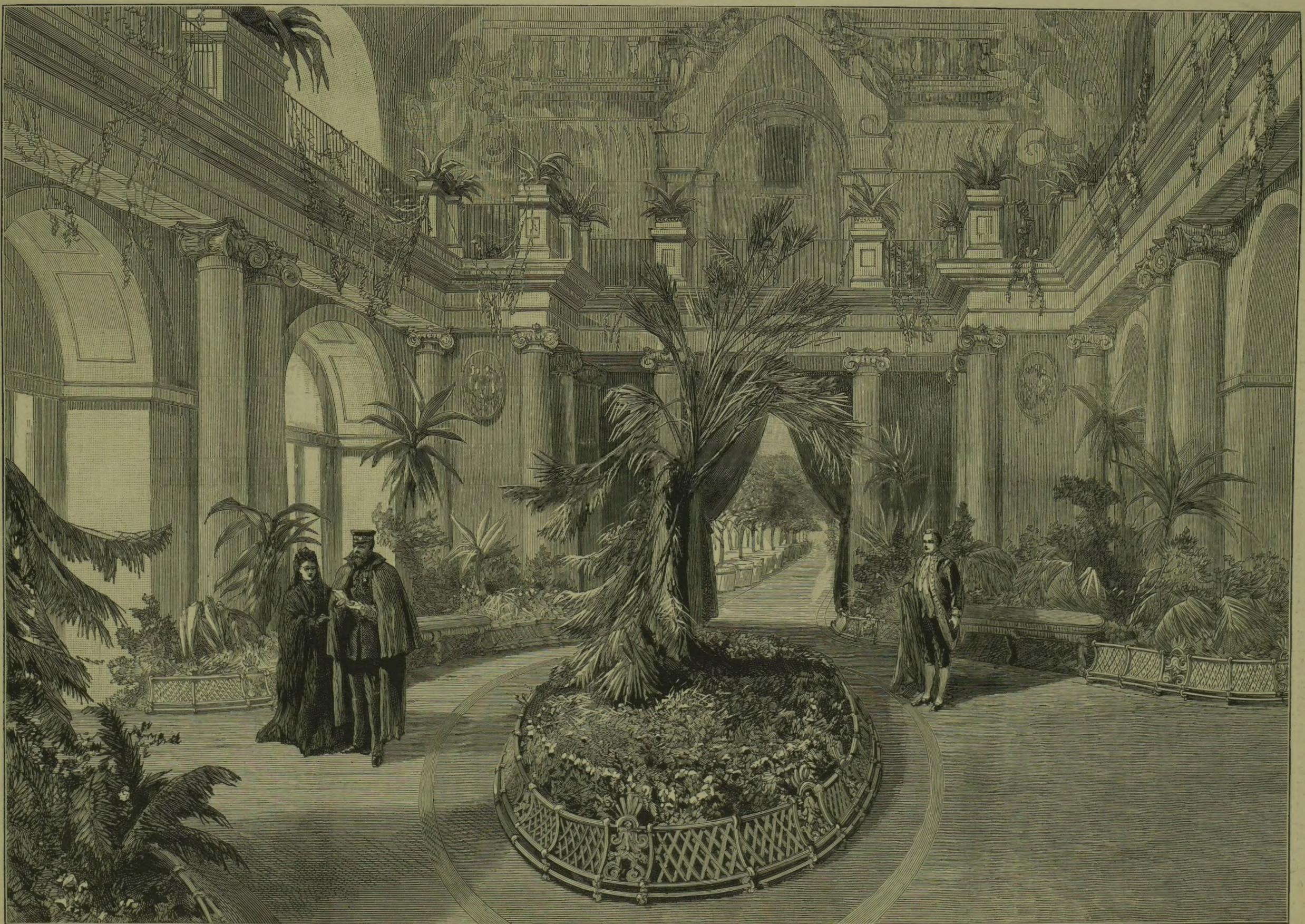
THE THREE UNMARRIED DAUGHTERS OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY M. BASSANO.



THE ORANGERY AT THE PALACE OF CHARLOTTENBURG.

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. W. SIMPSON.



THE ORANGERY AT THE PALACE OF CHARLOTTENBURG, BERLIN.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. W. SIMPSON.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

There is nothing new to be written about the Lyceum "Faust," but much might be said about the joyful "homecoming" of Mr. Henry Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, and the company that has shared with them the success of what, it may be hoped, is the last American campaign. To say anything new about "Faust" would be impossible; to declare that it has been improved by its journey to America would be rank flattery. Frankly, it has not. No work of art has ever yet gone to America without having its gilt edges tarnished and its moulded corners knocked off. "Faust" has been handled in pretty much the same way as the scenery. It went to America smart, and it has come back tired; it has been pulled about, dragged here and there, and it wants renovating. The spring sun shines upon this neat and well-brushed play, but it discovers worn seams and frayed edges. Mr. Loveday may, eventually, persuade his carpenters that they are not in America now, and that in England we don't care for obstreperous sky borders, or for flats that won't join, or for unavoidable accidents—inseparable from travelling with so mighty a show as this; but neither Mr. Irving, nor Miss Terry, nor anyone else will bring back the charm of "Faust" before it was Americanised and "writ large" for giant playhouses. The photograph has been enlarged for show purposes, to be stuck outside doors and to attract the public, and it is hopeless to try to get it back to the cabinet or miniature size again. It will run its appointed time, a short month, and then we shall all be delighted to see "The Amber Heart" and "Robert Macaire," and it is quite certain that both Miss Ellen Terry and Mr. Irving will be equally delighted to act in them. Nothing could have been more cordial or graceful than the public reception of our old friends on Saturday night. It was no formal matter, but an earnest recognition of the successful tribute paid to English art by an actor who has far exceeded the personal popularity won by most of his gifted predecessors.

The lengthy engagement of M. Coquelin at the Royalty by M. Meyer has wound up with the greatest success of the London season. If it could be played for six weeks more the little theatre would be full in order to see "Les Surprises du Divorce," one of the most amusing plays that Paris has given us for a very long time. Unusual interest was taken in this funny play, because it was known that Mr. Hare had secured the rights of it for his new theatre, now building in the Charing-cross-road. If Mr. Hare plays the miserable son-in-law all will be well; but he will find it a difficult matter to persuade a leading actress to play the mother-in-law, not because it is a bad part, for it is an extremely good one; but in one of the funniest scenes it becomes necessary for the lady—who must be mangled—to appear in broad daylight in the short skirts and trapings of an opera coryphée. In point of order, interest, and symmetrical arrangement, this is one of the cleverest instances of workmanship that can be well conceived. There is not one superfluous line in the dialogue, not one tedious scene in all the three acts. Surprise follows surprise, and the climax comes when a wretched composer, who has divorced his first wife merely in order to get rid of an obnoxious mother-in-law, finds to his horror that his second wife's father has married the divorced wife, and brought her and her mother home to reside with the newly-married couple. The situation when the son-in-law comes into the room and discovers the same old mother-in-law *en secondes noces* is one of the wildest and most extravagant ever placed on the stage. No one who saw it will ever forget Coquelin's face. It was positively tragic. His hair stood on end, his teeth chattered, his jaw wagged, and he was reduced to a jelly of speechlessness. It was a combination of terror, surprise, and ferocity. The man was struck dumb with fear, was paralysed with astonishment, and was beside himself with rage. If ever face spoke volumes M. Coquelin's face did when the truth dawns upon him that he has, indeed, jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire, that he has got two mothers-in-law instead of one, and that the last of them is his own divorced and discarded wife. It seemed as if the audience would never stop laughing. There are a few funny scenes that must necessarily be left out in England, but if the adaptation fails to Mr. Gilbert or to Mr. Pinero we may expect a play that will run for a couple of years at the least. It has been asserted that this play would be impossible for England because the new divorce laws established in France do not apply in England. In what do they not apply? The story, no doubt, is extravagant, but it is not on that account impossible. A husband in England might very well discover that his divorced wife was married to his second wife's father; and it is surely not seriously urged that what the lawyers call "legal cruelty" is never established in this country by the cowardly act of a man slapping his wife's face in the presence of witnesses? The only question is whether, when the plot is thoroughly well known, the interest in the play will not thereby be diminished. It is not always so in England. As a rule, when people know all about a thing, they like it better. The more the tunes in "Dorothy" are known, the more popular becomes the opera.

It may be noted, by-the-way, that the pretty "Pirates of Penzance"—one of the most tuneful of the Gilbert-Sullivan operas—is doing very well indeed at the Savoy Theatre. Encores nightly follow the policemen's chorus, and the madrigal sung by the tenor and soprano is surely one of the most delightful numbers ever composed by Sir Arthur Sullivan.

Notice is given that the State apartments of Windsor Castle are closed until further orders.

Mr. Kirwan gave the first of his series of dramatic recitals at Steinway Hall on Thursday evening, April 19, to a most appreciative audience.

A special meeting of the Bacon Society was held at the Westminster Townhall on April 17, when Mr. Donnelly gave an address "explanatory of his investigations into the cipher narratives found in the 1623 folio edition of Shakespeare." There was a numerous attendance.

A morning concert was given at the Royal Albert Hall during the current week, the programme of which included the co-operation of several popular vocalists, including the young lady known as Nikita; the extraordinary juvenile pianist, Otto Hegner; Herr Waldemar Meyer, the violinist, and other features.

Mr. Dillon, after keeping up a show of resisting arrest for three days, surrendered himself on April 17 to the police, and was immediately removed to Drogheda, where he has been committed for trial under the Crimes Act for taking part in and inciting to an unlawful assembly. He has been released on bail, and the case is to be dealt with on May 9.

A news paragraph in our issue last week stated that "the convention of burghs of Scotland adopted by forty-three votes to twenty a resolution declaring that Home Rule should be granted to Scotland, against an amendment in favour of an extension of local government in Scotland." Mr. D. Colville, the Provost of Campbelltown, and representing that place at the convention, desires us to state that the exact reverse of this is what happened.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the *Chess Editor*.
J C C.—Blank chess diagrams can be obtained of J Wade, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden.
J C KERSHAW (Worthing).—You have omitted to send the solutions and conditions of the problems, without which they are useless to us.
J A W HUNTER.—No. 1 is a little too easy; Nos. 2 and 4 shall appear shortly.
J DOOT (Ushaw).—Many thanks for your obliging offer. We shall be glad to see a specimen or two of your composition.
PROBLEMS AND GAMES received, with thanks, from A Hill, Cecil Bull, W B (Cambridge), and Jean Amygdalis (Trieste).
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2293 received from J R M ANDERSON and J W (Montreal); of No. 2294 from J W (Montreal), H B A, Sergeant-Major SINNETT, and J HUGHES; of No. 2295 from J A SCHUNCKE, J R M ANDERSON, C E P, H P (Dudley), J G HANKEN, J SAGE (Bury St. Edmunds), J HUGHES, and H B A.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2296 received from J R M ANDERSON, J G HANKEN, BERNARD REYNOLDS, J ROSS, R F N BANKS, W L MARTIN (Commander H. N.), J G HANKEN, JUPITER JUNIOR, L WYMAN, H LUCAS, A C HUNT, J D TUCKER (Leeds), L SHARSWOOD, E SHARSWOOD, E CASELLA (Paris), COLUMBUS, D MCCOY, HOWARD A, B PHILLIPS, C E P, SQUIRE, G J VEALE, J HEWORTH SHAW, SHADFORTH, W R RAILEM, SERGEANT-MAJOR SINNETT, G LAW, A R WILSON, L PENFOLD, DR F ST JAMES KISTRUCK, L DESANGES, JOHN KEEN, LIEUTENANT-COLONEL LORRAINE, J A SCHMIDKE, THOMAS CHOWN, R WORTERS (CANTERBURY), MRS W J BARD, T ADDISON, F H M GERS KELLY, CARSLAKE W WOOD, E E H H TEMPLE (CRAIGSIDE), H B A W DRAISER, R H BROOKS, HEREWARD, T ROBERTS, P DOOT (Ushaw), PETERHOUSE, W P WELCH, E LONDON, J BALL (GUILDFORD), REV WINFIELD, COOPER, MAJOR PRICHARD, E J H (ORIENTAL), H J BLACKHAM, DANE JOHN, J P T (BROMLEY), PRINROSE, J RYDER, and J HOPE.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2294.

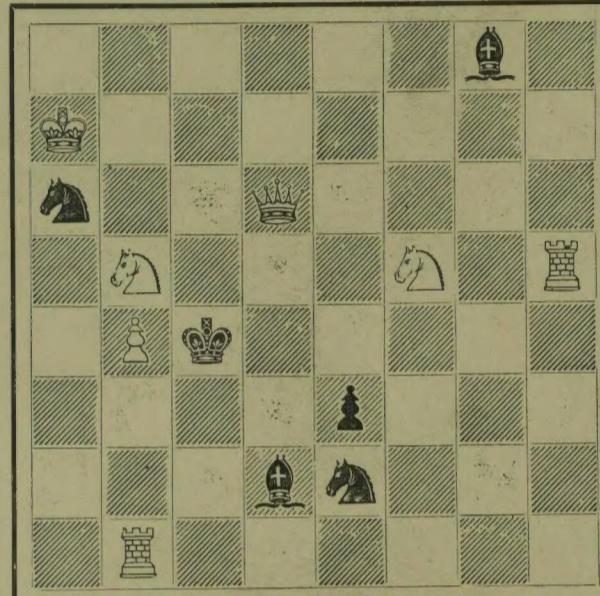
WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to Kt 3rd Any move
2. Mates.

The above is the author's solution; but, as numerous correspondents have pointed out, he has overlooked a commonplace one by 1. Kt to K 6th (ch). A Black Pawn at K B 2nd remedies the defect.

PROBLEM NO. 2298.

By F. HEALEY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS AT CLIFTON.

Game played in the recent match between Bristol and Clifton Chess Club and Bath. Mr. N. FEDDEN represented Clifton, and Mr. THOROLD, Bath.

(Scotch Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)	WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	White has now by far the better game, and winning is merely a question of time.	
2. Kt to B 3rd	Q Kt to B 3rd	18. P to Kt 5th	
3. P to Q 4th	P takes P	19. Kt to R 4th	Q to B 3rd (ch)
4. Kt takes P	B to Q 4th	20. B to B 2nd	B to R 3rd
5. B to K 3rd	Q to B 3rd	21. R to K Sq	Q R to Q Kt sq
6. P to Q B 3rd	K Kt to K 2nd	22. R to K 3rd	Kt takes P
7. Q to Q 2nd			
		This move gives Black an attack which might have succeeded against a less experienced player.	
		23. P takes Kt	R takes R
		24. Q takes R	P to Q 3rd
		25. R to Kt sq	R to K Sq
		26. Q to Kt 3rd (ch)	K to B Sq
		27. P to Q 5th	Q to B 5th
		28. P to Kt 3rd	Q to K 7th
		29. Kt to Kt 2nd	R to K 6th
		30. Q to B 4th	
			The best move the board affords.
		31. K to B 2nd	
		32. Q to Q 2nd	Q to R 4th
		33. R to K Sq (ch)	K to B Sq
		34. K to Kt sq	P to K R 3rd
		35. Q to Q 4th	Q to K 4th
		36. Q to K 4th	P to K R 4th
		37. Q to K 8th (ch)	K to K 2nd
		38. R to K 7th	
			and Black resigns.

A good move in this opening enabling the first player to throw forward the Pawns on the King's side, and obtain a well-developed game.

7. Kt to B 4th Castles

8. B to Q Kt 3rd Kt to K 4th

9. B to Q Kt 3rd Q to Kt 3rd

10. P to K B 4th B takes Kt

This tended to strengthen White's centre. Kt to Kt 5th at once seems preferable.

11. P takes B Kt to Kt 5th

12. Kt to B 3rd P to Q 4th

If Kt takes B, 13. Q takes Kt, Q takes P. 14. Castles, with a fine game.

13. P to B 5th Q to Q R 3rd

14. B to Kt 5th R to Kt 5th

15. P to K R 3rd Kt to K B 3rd

16. B takes Kt P takes B

17. Castles P to Q Kt 4th

18. Q to K R 6th

The handicap at Simpson's Divan progresses somewhat slowly, although a few good games have served to sustain the interest that ought to attach itself to a contest shared by so many prominent players. The scoring still affords little indication of the ultimate result, a comparison between the number of games played and won by each competitor being so far the most reliable test of success. Up to the moment of going to press Messrs. GUNNSBERG, MASON, and BIRD were considerably in advance of the others, and one of these three will likely prove the winner. Mr. GUNNSBERG has won all the 8 games he has played, Mr. MASON 8 1/2 out of 9, and Mr. BIRD 12 out of 14. We are glad to see the veteran player holding his own so well.

DEATH OF MR. DUFFY.

We have to announce with deep regret the death of Mr. P. T. Duffy, for many years past editor of this column. To many of our readers who knew him as a man still in the prime of life, the news will doubtless come with no little shock; but his more intimate friends have had reason to dread the worst since the late winter first set in. His health then began to fail in an alarming manner, and, although a visit to Spain checked the course of the disease, the relief was temporary, and he died at Hastings on April 17. The loss Chess sustains by his death is a peculiar one, as there is certainly nobody to fill the place he occupied in its service. Although a fine problem composer, a steady player, and a sound analyst, he preferred the journalism of the game to its practice, and in this line stood admittedly without a rival. He conducted the "Westminster Papers" for many years with such brilliant success that he made his name known all the world over; and when that periodical ceased to exist he edited for some time three of the principal London columns. Pressure of business made him give up much of this work, but he continued to exercise a singular influence in leading chess circles, and no gathering of metropolitan players was complete without him. A man of kinder heart or more genial humour never lived. He was generous to a fault, quick to see good in everybody, and never so happy as in entertaining a stranger. He will not readily be forgotten in the chess world; but his familiar face and figure will be most sorely missed by those who knew him best.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.

APRIL 21, 1888.

Subscribers will please to notice that copies of this week's number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates:—To Canada, United States of America, and the whole of Europe, THICK EDITION, Two-pence-halfpenny; THIN EDITION, One Penny. To Australia, Brazil, Cape of Good Hope, China (via United States), Jamaica, Mauritius, and New Zealand, THICK EDITION, Three-pence; THIN EDITION, One Penny. To China (via Brindisi), India, and Java, THICK EDITION, Fourpence-halfpenny; THIN EDITION, Three-halfpence.

Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the departure of the mails.

BENEVOLENT OBJECTS.

Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck, opened the new buildings of the Queen's Schools at Kew-green on April 13.

The annual dinner in aid of the Royal General Theatrical Fund took place at the Hôtel Métropole on April 18.

The Girls' Friendly Society's Choral Union gave their third annual concert at St. Andrew's Hall on April 14, the proceeds going to the fund for the recreation-rooms of this society.

The Silver Wedding of the Prince and Princess of Wales was celebrated in Norwich on April 13 by a dinner and tea, given by the Mayor (Mr. F. W. Harmer) and Sheriff (Mr. R. G. Bagshaw), to a thousand aged poor of the city.

The Clothworkers' Company have contributed £250, and the Merchant Taylors' Company £50, towards the Islington Jubilee Fund. The fund amounts to nearly £5500, and will be applied towards providing a special ward in the Great Northern Central Hospital in the Holloway-road.

Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck, opened the new buildings of the Queen's Schools at Kew-green on April 13. Her Majesty and various members of the Royal family have been liberal subscribers to the rebuilding fund. A bazaar, musical festival, and other entertainments followed.

The Earl of Derby, K.G., has accepted the Presidentship of the Artists' Benevolent Fund, in place of the Right Hon. A. J. B. Beresford Hope, M.P., deceased.—The Company of Mercers have given £21 to the fund; and the legacy of £100, duty free, left by the late Mr. G. Godwin, has been received.

The annual general meeting of the Royal Naval Benevolent Society was held on April 16 at Willis's Rooms, Mr. J. M. Case, vice-president, in the chair. The object of the society is the relief of widows, orphans, mothers, and sisters of naval officers being members of this society, and at this meeting grants amounting to £495 were made to seventy applicants.

Under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, a public meeting was held at the Mansion House on April 11 in aid of the funds of the London Hospital. The Duke of Cambridge, who is president of the institution, moved the principal resolution, which commended the charity as being worthy of the liberal support of all classes. This was seconded by Sir Robert Fowler, M.P., and unanimously agreed to; and about £6500 was subscribed.

The forty-first anniversary festival of the supporters of the Earlswood Asylum for Idiots was held on April 13 at the Albion Tavern, Aldersgate-street, Sir J. Whittaker Ellis presiding. The asylum was established at Highgate in 1847, and has now nearly 600 inmates from all parts of the kingdom. The maintenance involves an outlay of £27,000 a year, and there is a debt of £1500. During the evening subscriptions to the amount of nearly £2000 were announced.

The forty-third anniversary festival of the German Hospital was held on April 11 at the Hôtel Métropole—the Lord Mayor presiding. Contributions to the funds amounting to £4300 were announced. In the course of the evening the chairman stated that he had felt justified in telegraphing to Berlin a preliminary donation of 2000 guineas for the sufferers from the inundations in Posen from the Mansion House fund.—His lordship has since then sent a further instalment of £1500.

The Duke of Cambridge presided at the annual meeting of the supporters of the Royal School for the Daughters of Officers, held on April 12. The report stated that the average number of pupils for the year had been 117. The Duke of Cambridge referred with satisfaction to the excellent examinations passed by the pupils, and regretted that there had been a falling-off of £350 in the subscriptions. It was pointed out as important evidence of the value of the school that so many pupils sought admission on full terms.

By permission of the Vicar of Kensington, a sale of work will be held in the parish-room, under the patronage of Lady Mary Glyn and others, on June 12 and 13. The proceeds will be devoted to the relief of the sick and poor in the parish of Haggerston. If the proceeds exceed £100, a portion will be given to the new club for working-men, which is making great progress. Contributions of needlework, fancy articles, and other things for the sale will be gratefully received by Mrs. Tanner, The Vicarage, Haggerston; Mrs. Wingate, The Vicarage, Shifnal; or Miss Alice Galloway, 105, Abingdon-road.

The board of management of the Victoria Hospital for Children are organising a fête, to be held in the Exhibition Gardens, South Kensington, on July 11 and the three succeeding days. The event will be in commemoration of the Silver Wedding of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and it is hoped that it will result in the extinction of a debt of £3000 for the new out-patient wing of the hospital. A costume bazaar in the conservatory will be one feature of the fête; maypole dances, tennis tournaments, and various entertainments will constitute "a scene of revels"; there will be a temple of music, in which a large number of leading composers and executants will assist; and the Eldorado, where many of the best-known members of the theatrical profession have consented to appear. Amongst the ladies who have promised to assist with stalls at the bazaar are the Duchess of Manchester, the Duchess of Westminster, the Marchioness of Abergavenny, the Countess of Aylesford, Lady Randolph Churchill, Viscountess Wolseley, Lady Charles Beresford, Lady Claud Hamilton, Lady Theresa Boyle, Lady O'Neill, and others. The Princess of Wales and Princess Louise have consented to give the fête their patronage.

The Queen has approved of the appointment by the Home Secretary of Mr. William Harry Nash, of the Oxford Circuit, to the Recordership of Abingdon, vacant by the recent appointment of Mr. Bros as a Metropolitan Police Magistrate.

A telegram from Calcutta states that Mr. Barrington Brown, the expert sent by the Government to inspect the ruby-mining district, considers the ruby-mines at Mogouk to be of exceptional richness.

Sir Donald Smith has given 250,000 dollars to the Royal Victoria College at Montreal, for establishing preparatory schools for women in Manitoba and the North-West. The Dominion House of Commons has passed the second reading of the Fisheries Treaty Bill without a division.

The trial of Dr. Middleton for shooting and killing a gipsy who attacked him on the tower of Cordova Cathedral came to a close on April 12. The Court acquitted the doctor, on the ground that it had been amply proved that he acted in self-defence.

The twenty-fourth biennial festival of the Royal Medical Benevolent College was held at the Hôtel Métropole, on April 17, the Lord Mayor presiding over a numerous and representative company. His appeal for the institution was responded to by a list of contributions amounting to £2500.

In our last week's issue there was a slight mistake in the account of the work at the English church, Algiers. It was stated that the marble mosaic work was executed by Mr. Buck; whereas it was carried out under the supervision of Mr. W. H. Burke, of Newman-street, who also carried out the work at the Guards' Chapel.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

As the best guide to new styles, I will briefly describe one or two model gowns which I have just inspected. A blue cloth polonaise has a three-cornered vest from neck to bust, of the same cloth, braided elaborately in silver, the bodice fastening beneath the point of this, a little to the left, and thence slanting to the centre of the waist, while the skirt of the polonaise, slightly draped, hooks up to the left hip, so as to cover the edge of the basque in front. The polonaise is slit up the left side and turned back to show a silver-braided underskirt, or rather panel, to match the vest. A striped grey and dark blue silk visiting dress is made with a loose-fronted coat bodice, turning back with revers from waist to collar, of plain navy blue silk, showing a vest, the sides of which fit firmly, while the exact middle is fullled a little by means of a few gathers at the throat. The back of the skirt is entirely of full folds of the stripe; over the left hip that material is caught up high into a rolled and bunching panier, whence the draperies flow elegantly down again to form the tablier; the panel revealed by the raising of the side being of plain navy silk, and slightly gathered in the middle, just as I have already described the vest. A plain heliotrope cloth, one of those soft and lustrous-surfaced draps to which every maker gives a special name, is curiously combined with fawn faille. The underskirt is apparently of the fawn silk, a deep edging of this being seen all round the skirt by the slight catching up of the overskirt of heliotrope, while at each side a wide flat panel of the silk is visible, graduated towards the waist by smocking for about eight inches at the top. The edges of the overskirt, where it meets the panels, are ornamented with four rows of "pinking" of the fawn and heliotrope materials alternately. The bodice is all heliotrope, save for a vest of the fawn silk, which is smocked at the neck and the waist, and which is marked off by "pinking" to match the skirt.

These, though smart, would not be noticeable for any peculiarity, the colouring being fairly subdued, and the styles not startlingly different from those of the past season. The "newest of all new" models are, however, modifications of the Directoire style, and have some points of great novelty. One such costume is in brown vicuna and pink and brown shot silk, made up as follows:—The skirt has a back in long, plain draperies, and a front and sides in broad, single box-pleats, all of the brown stuff; a narrow tablier drapery falls across from left hip to right hem, and is turned up with a band, about six inches wide, of shot silk. The bodice is a pronounced Directoire one, with a loose front from the under-arm seam, turned back at the top with broad revers, and below cut off, to show a vest of the silk, which is arranged in full pleats from the turn-down collar, and ends at the waist under a broad sash of the same silk, prettily folded, laid above the waist, and apparently passing round the figure, but really fixing, beneath the loose jacket, into the under-arm seams. The back of this bodice is tight-fitting, and has a short postillion basque; while the sides are cut very high and straight off over the hips. Another form of Directoire bodice is in dark heliotrope velvet, with revers turned back from point to neck, these revers widening much above the bust, and showing a plain vest of silk merveilleux matching in colour; two big handsome silver buttons adorn the coat on either side at the waist, being placed just behind the revers of velvet, which are narrow almost to a point. The skirt of this dress has a fan of silk in front, flat sides of the velvet, and an indescribable mixture of the two materials in the draperies of the back. Another, intended for a plain walking-dress, is in dark green foulé, combined with the same material in pale brown. There is a tight-fitting bodice of green, and broad bretelles of brown trimmed with a series of green silk buttons, placed about two inches apart; at the waist, those brown straps are made to meet, and then, instead of ending, they are carried down and widen below the waist, and spread forth so as to form deep, flat basques over the hips, beneath the short rounded ends of the brown material of the bodice. Cuffs, collar, and epaulettes coming in a point nearly to the elbow, are in the green; while flat panels of the brown form the sides of the skirt, and slightly draped green cloth makes the front and back.

Redingote polonaises are simple, new, and stylish. They are made very plainly, with flat sides to the skirts, and backs slightly draped in the fashion of long coats. A typical one is in striped green and fawn woollen material, made quite plain at the back and sides, except for the folding under just below the waist which forms the drapery behind, but opening quite up at the front, and turning back there at both sides with revers of green velvet, broad at the foot, narrowing to the waist, and gradually widening again thence to the upright velvet collar. A vest of plain green cloth and a simulated waist sash of velvet are affixed to the polonaise; the skirt is separate, the back, which of course is not seen, being of sateen, and the front, which shows as the polonaise falls open, being of the plain green cloth to match the vest, very slightly draped into pretty folds. My readers will see that there is abundant variety in the new dress styles; but they are, at the same time, simple enough, and follow the lines of the figure in a pleasant manner.

Herr Stempel, the well-known teacher of the Albany-street Gymnasium, has succeeded in arranging a public display by his ladies' class, which took place at the Portman Rooms in the presence of a large, mixed audience, on April 14. The costume—a serge tunic not quite reaching the knee, and knickerbockers to just below the knee—is one in which a modest girl looks all the more modest. Nevertheless, it is a little surprising that so many ladies of education and good social position should be found courageous enough to appear publicly in a garb so unlike the ordinary feminine costume. I have seen some old pictures of the "Bloomer" dress, in which the innovators on the full skirts and tight bodies of thirty years ago wore a petticoat reaching to the ankle, and full trousers frilled round showing below that even. If some of the women who were mobbed and ridiculed for donning that "Bloomer" attire could have seen the ladies at Herr Stempel's display, they would have exclaimed with Galileo—"And yet the world moves!" The fact is, however, that the pupils get used to their costume at the gymnasium, and forget that it is strange; they wear it as unconsciously, and therefore as properly and gracefully, as they would wear a low-cut Court bodice. I do not suppose that any of the fifty ladies who took part in the performance were any more acutely conscious of giving unaccustomed ocular demonstration that woman is biped than we all are of showing our faces as we walk about the streets, to do which would seem bold and shocking to a Mohammedan woman in Turkey. The ladies' gymnastic class did some elaborate figure marching and running, and executed some Indian club exercises splendidly. There was also a fencing display, some leaping-table exercises, and a "gymnastic reel." Miss Anna Williams, the popular singer, led one of the sections, and two daughters of a well-known Canon were amongst the class. The juvenile class gave a separate display, led by Sir Oswald Brierley's pretty young daughter.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

A GOLF CHALLENGE CUP FOR IRELAND.

The manly and noble game of golf is commonly supposed to be of North British origin, but no men are more likely to excel in it than Irishmen. The Ulsterman, indeed, is the true ancient Scot; and Mr. James Henderson, M.A., captain of the Royal Belfast Golf Club, being zealous for the encouragement of this sport in Ireland, has given a Challenge Cup, of which we present an illustration. The "Henderson Cup" is to be played

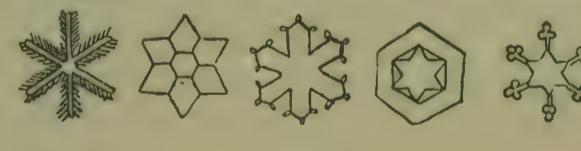


THE HENDERSON CHALLENGE CUP FOR GOLF IN IRELAND.

for yearly, in April or May, by competitors who are members either of the Royal Belfast Golf Club, the Dublin Golf Club, or any other Irish Golf Club that may hereafter be duly recognised. The competition for this year takes place at Belfast, and next year at Dublin. There is an entrance fee of five shillings, the proceeds to be spent in providing memorials of the winner and of the players second and third in merit, or partly given to the club on whose ground the match is played. The play is to be by strokes, eighteen holes at least to be played, and the competitors to be handicapped. The cup will be held for a twelvemonth by the club to which the winner belongs, and will be again put up for competition in the following year. A committee of management is created, to consist of three members of each recognised club.

SNOW CRYSTALS.

Snow not only furnishes a comfortable, warm blanket for all vegetable forms of life, and provides, when melted, a plenteous supply of water to springs and wells, but it offers to the observer of Nature a very interesting study. The hexagonal symmetry of its sometimes exceedingly minute and ever-varying crystals was studied, with special advantages



SNOW CRYSTALS OBSERVED ON THE SOUTH DOWNS DURING FEBRUARY AND MARCH.

and care, by Captain Scoresby, during his long sojourn in the Arctic regions, and over one thousand different forms have been noted. What is the secret power that compels the frozen water particles to assume now one, and shortly afterwards another, exact geometrical form? Is it the different electrical condition of the atmosphere? Is it the ever-varying pressure of the air, or its changeable caloric condition, that constrains, by a mysterious law, the frozen molecules to assume these delicate, feathery forms? The ignorant would scarcely imagine that snow is really composed of myriads of such beautiful crystals as are depicted in our illustration. We are indebted for it to Dr. E. Clement, science instructor for military examinations at the Depôt, Storrington, Sussex.

MUSIC.

Full musical activity has not yet been resumed after the Easter holiday entertainments, a comparative lull of the former still existing, soon, however, to be followed by the many performances of the spring and summer seasons. The thirty-second series of Saturday afternoon concerts at the Crystal Palace closed, with the twenty-first performance, on April 14, when a performance of Berlioz's "Faust" music was given for the first time there. The work has been so often heard elsewhere—notably at the Royal Albert Hall—for some years past, that it is somewhat singular that so long a period should have elapsed before it was given at the Sydenham establishment. Of its performance on this occasion little need be said, the work being now so generally and widely known. The music of Marguerite was assigned to Madame Nordica, who, as before, gave it with good dramatic effect. Mr. Lloyd, having been indisposed (a rare occurrence with him), was suddenly replaced by Mr. Banks, who acquitted himself well under the circumstances. The other soloists were Mr. B. Foote and Mr. R. Hilton, who had before been heard in the same music. The important orchestral details were excellently rendered; the difficult choral music having, apparently, not been thoroughly familiar to the Crystal Palace choir. The usual supplemental concert for the benefit of Mr. Manns, the conductor, takes place on April 21, when a special programme is prepared, including, among many attractions, the reappearance of the celebrated German basso, Herr Formes, after an absence of some twenty years. He is also announced to appear at St. James's Hall on April 23, at a concert in aid of the London Homoeopathic Hospital. Herr Formes is likewise included in the engagements made by Mr. Augustus Harris for his forthcoming Royal Italian Opera season at Covent-Garden Theatre.

The third of the Saturday afternoon concerts at the Royal Albert Hall (on April 14) presented attractions, vocal and instrumental, of similar interest to those of the previous occasions.

Miss Winifred Robinson, the skilful young violinist, who has been one of the most successful of the recent students of the Royal Academy of Music, gave a concert at Prince's Hall on Tuesday afternoon, April 17, the programme of which included her own artistic performances in solos and concerted pieces; a varied selection of music having also comprised the co-operation of Miss Fanny Davies as pianist, Mr. C. H. A. Gill as violoncellist, and Miss E. Rees as vocalist. Among several commendable performances that of Miss W. Robinson of Bach's "Chaconne" for violin without accompaniment was a noticeable feature. It was an admirable display of executive skill.

Mr. J. Radcliffe, the well-known flautist, recently gave an interesting entertainment at St. James's Hall, which included his illustrations—practical and descriptive—of the various kinds of flute, ancient and modern. Madame P. Rita (Mrs. J. Radcliffe) contributed vocal performances.

The "Magdalen Vagabonds" gave a concert at Prince's Hall on Thursday evening, April 12, in aid of the fund for a new organ for St. Edburgha, Leigh, Worcestershire. The society consists of members of Magdalen College, Oxford, and they occasionally give performances in different localities, in support of charitable or other unselfish purposes. On the occasion now referred to, part-songs and glees by English composers, and other pieces, were sung; a violin solo was played by Mr. Garnet Smith; and a recitation contributed by Mr. Lascelles.

The third of the present series of the concerts of the Philharmonic Society—on April 19—occurred too late for notice this week. Of the production of M. Widor's new music to "A Walpurgis Night" (conducted by himself); of the first appearance at these concerts of the young pianist, Otto Hegner; and of other features, we must speak next week.

The final concert of the seventeenth season of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society takes place on April 21, with Mendelssohn's "Elijah," in lieu of—as previously announced—Sir Arthur Sullivan's dramatic cantata, "The Golden Legend," which is to be given at an extra performance, on May 7, by desire of the Queen.

Mr. Orton Bradley (Musical Director at the People's Palace, Mile-End-road) announces a concert of chamber music, to take place at Steinway Hall, on April 27; the programme consisting entirely of music, vocal and instrumental, by Brahms.

Mr. Theodore Werner will inaugurate on Monday evening, April 30, a series of three orchestral concerts at St. James's Hall, the dates of the others being May 15 and 29.

Señor Sarasate's orchestral concerts at St. James's Hall are fixed to take place on Saturday afternoons—May 5, 19, 26, and June 2—Mr. W. G. Cousins being the conductor.

The new series of nine Richter concerts at St. James's Hall will begin on Monday evening, May 7. The hour of commencement is now changed to half-past eight o'clock.

Mr. Charles Hallé will begin a new series of his interesting chamber music concerts at St. James's Hall on Friday afternoon, May 11, in co-operation with Madame Norman-Néruda, MM. L. Ries, Straus, Franz Néruda, and others. The programme will comprise many attractive features.

The Bach Choir will give the third concert of the season at St. James's Hall on May 12, when Bach's mass in B minor ("Die Höhe Messe") will be performed for the ninth time by this institution.

The uncertainty that existed as to forthcoming pianoforte recitals by Dr. Hans Von Bülow is now ended by the positive announcement of his four performances to take place at St. James's Hall on June 4, 12, 19, and 26—the programmes to be devoted to solo sonatas and other pieces by Beethoven.

With all these promises, Mr. Augustus Harris's summer season at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent-garden—beginning next month—the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace in June, and other interesting musical events, there is every sign of a busy time coming.

The eleventh annual festival of the Western Counties Musical Association, held at the Victoria Hall, Exeter, on April 12, was a complete success.

The Birmingham Triennial Festival—to take place on Aug. 28 and three following days—will not present so many novelties as was at first intended. The new oratorio projected by Antonin Dvorák will not be forthcoming, and that by Dr. Mackenzie on the subject of "Moses" will not be ready in time. A new sacred cantata, "Judith and Holofernes," composed by Dr. Hubert Parry, will be produced on Aug. 29; on the evening of which day a new secular cantata by Mr. Goring Thomas will be performed; another cantata by Dr. Bridge being promised for the evening of Aug. 30. The festival will open, as on many former occasions, with Mendelssohn's "Elijah," among many other important works selected being Dvorák's "Stabat Mater," Sir Arthur Sullivan's dramatic cantata, "The Golden Legend," the "Messiah," Bach's "Magnificat," Berlioz's "Requiem," and Handel's "Saul." Madame Albani, Miss Anna Williams, Madame Patey, Madame Trebelli, Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Santley, and others are already engaged, and Dr. Hans Richter will again act as conductor.

STATUE OF JOHN BRIGHT AT BIRMINGHAM.

The completion of Mr. Bright's twenty-fifth year of service as representative of Birmingham in the House of Commons was celebrated with great popular enthusiasm in the year 1883. It was decided that, in addition to the marks of gratitude and affection which were then shown, a statue should be presented to the town as a permanent memorial. Funds being subscribed for this object, the committee gave the commission to Mr. Bruce Joy, whose work, a statue of the finest Carrara marble, standing 7 ft. 6 in. high, including the plinth, has been placed in the Birmingham Art Gallery. The figure is represented with buttoned-up frock coat, over which a light overcoat hangs loosely. The left hand is placed in the bosom, and the right hand hangs by the side, slightly advanced, as though to make an emphatic gesture with a fresh utterance. Altogether, Mr. Joy has produced an unexceptionable portrait, and an excellent work of art. The statue was unveiled, in the presence of a very large company, by Mr. George Dixon, M.P., on April 11. Mr. Jaffray, the president of the Statue Committee, was prevented from attending by ill-health.

THE CALLIOPE DOCK, AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND.

The largest graving-dock in the Australian colonies, situated at Calliope Point, Devonport, immediately opposite the city of Auckland, was opened by the Governor of New Zealand, Sir W. F. D. Jervois, on Feb. 16. This port of Auckland, centrally situated for all Pacific commerce, and possessed of a magnificent harbour, completely land-locked, with deep water, and no bar or other obstruction to navigation, and with room for fleets to lie in, is within easy distance and connected by rail and sea with the extensive coal-fields of Waikato to the south and Russell to the north. With such natural advantages, the only requirement to render this the first port of Australasia in convenience, for coaling and refitting either merchantmen or men-of-war, has been a dry dock capable of receiving them. A smaller dock was constructed on the city side, or south side, of the harbour: but it was not until 1881 that the matter was finally settled and plans prepared for the present dock by Mr. McDonald, then Harbour Board engineer. No further progress was made until 1884, when Mr. William Errington, M.I.C.E., was intrusted with the execution of the work, which was let by public tender to Mr. Pierce Lanigan, contractor, for the sum of £89,000, exclusive of machinery. The dock is 525 ft. in length, 40 ft. wide on the floor, and 110 ft. wide at coping level, with a depth of 33 ft. of water on the sill. It is thus capable of receiving the largest ironclads afloat, while the Great Eastern and the City of Rome are the only merchant steamers unable to use it. The total cost will be about £100,000. The dock is entirely built of concrete, composed of English Portland cement and the local scoria stone. The caisson for closing the entrance was designed and built by Messrs. Head, Wrightson, and Co., of Stockton-on-Tees. The whole work has proved a complete success, and has been carried out without a single fatal accident.

The opening ceremony, on Feb. 16, was favoured with the presence of the Pacific Squadron under command of Admiral Fairfax, comprising H.M.S. Nelson, the Calliope, Diamond, Opal, and Swinger. The Calliope is a namesake of the old ship after which Calliope Point is named, and which was commanded by Admiral Stanley forty years ago, when he selected this site for a dock. It was therefore arranged that the new dock should first be entered by H.M.S. Calliope, breaking a broad navy-blue ribbon stretched across the entrance. This was performed in the presence of numerous spectators, and the Calliope was followed by H.M.S. Diamond, both ships lying together in the dock. The Governor, with Admiral Fairfax and the Mayor and leading citizens of Auckland, then landed and set in motion the machinery for closing the gate of the dock, and for pumping out the water. They afterwards made a trip up the harbour, and returned to luncheon.

The view in our Illustration is taken from the cliff at the back (north) of the dock, and shows in the foreground the cliffs with reclaimed land below, in the middle distance the two ships in the dock, and the harbour and fleet beyond, while the extreme distance gives a general view of the city of Auckland,



STATUE OF MR. JOHN BRIGHT AT BIRMINGHAM.

with suburbs of Parnell and Ponsonby, backed by Mount Eden (an extinct volcano), the principal one of the many surrounding the city, and celebrated over the world for the unsurpassed view from its summit, embracing both coasts of New Zealand), and fronted by the wharves and shipping of the city. The Illustration is from a sketch by our Correspondent, Mr. H. S. Vogan, civil engineer, of Auckland.

A Fine-Art and Industrial Exhibition was opened in the Spa Saloon, Scarborough, on April 14, by the Marquis of Ripon, and there was a large and fashionable assembly. He congratulated all present upon the excellence of the exhibition, as it was full of interest of a wide character, and embraced objects of divers kinds, offering instruction for persons of different tastes. The collection of pictures was varied, and by numerous masters.

THE ORANGERY AT CHARLOTTENBURG.

Since the arrival of the Emperor Frederick at the Palace of Charlottenburg, near Berlin, on March 12, he has been accustomed daily to take a little exercise by walking in the covered Orangery, a range of building that extends to the west of the Royal Chapel, and of the central block in the north front of the palace, overlooking the park and the avenue to the Royal Mausoleum. The Orangery is not roofed with glass, but the large windows along both sides admit plenty of sun-shine; a path running its whole length is laid with cocoanut matting, on each side of which is a double row of orange-trees in boxes, and these plants thrive as well as in ordinary conservatories in the climate of Northern Europe. In the middle of the long range of building is a pavilion supported by elegant Ionic pillars, with seats around the group of plants in the centre of the floor. Our Illustrations of the Orangery are from sketches by Mr. Simpson, our Special Artist. The Emperor has been permitted to drive out on days of finer and warmer weather.

THE STATE OF IRELAND.

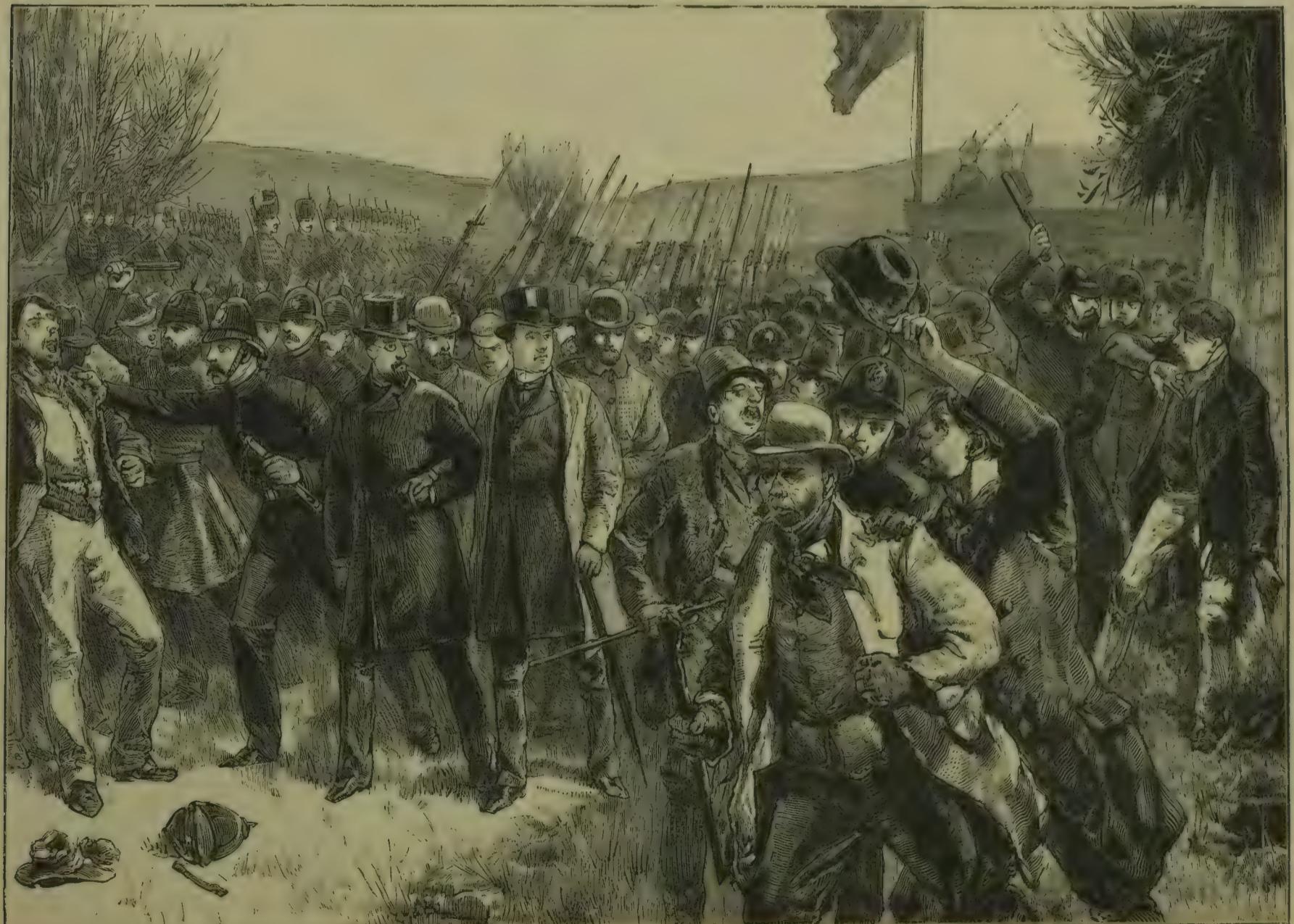
The attempts of the National League, on Sunday, April 8, to hold meetings which were prohibited in several of the districts proclaimed under the Crimes Act, were effectually defeated by the Government of Ireland. At Loughrea, in Galway; at Ennis, the county town of Clare; at Kilrush, in the county of Cork, and other places, the meetings were promptly dispersed by the police constabulary, supported by parties of military; but in some instances not without being obliged to use their bâtons, and even their sabres, though no dangerous wounds were inflicted. The meeting at Ennis was to have been addressed by Mr. Michael Davitt, Mr. John O'Connor, M.P., and Mr. Condon, M.P., all of whom were in the town; but the police would not allow them to enter the building prepared for the meeting. This was a large store-house, with a yard in front of it, entered through a narrow archway. In the roadway before it was a large force of police, with fifty soldiers of the Derbyshire Regiment and a troop of the 3rd Hussars, under command of Colonel Turner. The people had already assembled inside; and, Mr. Halpin being chosen their chairman, had passed a resolution declaring that they would support the National League. As they were coming out through the yard, orders were given to the police to take the names of some of them. This provoked stone-throwing and assaults on the police, which were punished with considerable severity; the constables made free use of their truncheons, till the Hussars put an end to the conflict by riding into the yard with drawn sabres, while the infantry drove the people out of the building. Seventy-four persons were taken into custody. Our Special Artist sends a Sketch of this scene, and we have also one of the meeting at Loughrea, where Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., was present. Mr. Byrne, the Divisional Magistrate, and Mr. O'Brien, county police inspector, had a force of 200 constables, a company of the 23rd Fusiliers, and a troop of the 11th Hussars, to suppress the meeting. Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., who was accompanied by Mr. Henry Wilson, M.P., and by Father Meagher and Father Costelloe, entered the field and mounted the platform, inviting the police to attack him. He began to make a speech, but fifteen policemen got on the platform to remove him, while others dispersed the people. There was some throwing of stones, but no real fighting. At a later hour the people met in the Temperance Hall, and were briefly addressed by Messrs. W. O'Brien and Wilson, and by the priests. Mr. W. O'Brien was in London next day, and attended the House of Commons; but on Saturday, April 14, he returned to Ireland, and was arrested on landing at Kingstown; he had intended to speak next day at New Ross, in Wexford. A warrant was likewise issued for the arrest of Mr. John Dillon, M.P., on account of a speech he made on April 8, at Tullyallen, near Drogheda. The attempted meeting at Kilrush, where Mr. J. Redmond, M.P., was present, and that at Kanturk, attended by Messrs. T. M. Healy, M.P., and J. C. Flynn, M.P., were stopped by the police without much resistance.



OPENING OF THE NEW CALLIOPE DOCK, AT AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND.



POLICE AND HUSSARS CHARGING THE PROCLAIMED MEETING AT ENNIS: SCENE IN THE COURTYARD.



DISPERSING THE NATIONAL LEAGUE MEETING AT LOUGHREA.

THE STATE OF IRELAND.—SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, April 17.

We must still talk about Boulanger, and for many weeks to come we shall, doubtless, have to record the ever-growing glory of this most famous and incomprehensible adventurer. Neither the presence of M. Floquet at the head of the Government, nor the efforts made to concentrate votes on a candidate at once Radical and Ministerial were of any avail: General Boulanger was on Sunday elected deputy for the Department of the Nord by a majority of nearly 100,000. This is the General's third brilliant success; the elections of the Aisne, the Dordogne, and the Nord have been three violent blows for the Floquet Cabinet. By some mysterious juggling a duel has been arranged between Boulanger and the present Republic, and it is Boulanger who represents patriotism and plays the fine rôle. What does he want? What is the exact situation in France? On the one hand a Government without plan and without prestige; on the other, Boulangism, which means opposition to the Parliamentary Republic; and, carried along triumphantly by this formidable current of opinion, the "brav' Général," who carefully avoids vain controversy and irritating questions, and demands simply dissolution of the Chamber, revision of the Constitution, a Constituent Assembly, the election of the executive power by universal suffrage—or, in other words, the Dictatorship. And after? Who can tell? We are in presence of an extraordinary national movement, apparently a manifestation of popular madness, and neither reason nor common-sense can help us to explain it. M. Jules Ferry trusts that the Republic will save itself; that the Senate will do its duty; that President Carnot will not step down from his Presidential chair so readily as some think; that France will not allow herself to be disgraced by this grotesque parody of the Second Empire. Let us hope that M. Jules Ferry is not a victim of his own honesty and optimism.

A curious feature of this national tragi-comedy is the chariness of the General in committing himself by word or act. The streets re-echo with Boulangist songs; at the cafés-concerts Boulangist allusions make the audience thrill with joy; but meanwhile nobody sees the General. He lives in his rooms at the Hôtel du Louvre; the postman walks straight in with the letters in the morning; the solicitors wait in the corridor for their turn to enter; at ten o'clock the General rides in the Bois de Boulogne on his black charger; at noon he breakfasts with one of the members of the syndicate of newspaper proprietors who are speculating on his fortunes. But the great man himself has nothing to say, or, if he does speak, it is only to repeat the phrases of Louis Napoleon, such as: "Boulanger c'est la paix;" or to enact the sinister

jokes of his great inspirer Rochefort, the same who, after having demolished the Second Empire with his epigrams, is now building up a dictatorship which he will be the first to attack as soon as it is established. And all this while the hereditary foe is under arms across the Eastern frontier. The wonder is that, in such conditions, France can not only live but even prosper.

Visitors to Paris complain of the dreadful dullness of the capital, and there is, indeed, sufficient foundation for the complaint. Paris is becoming less and less elegant, and more and more democratic; there is no longer that brilliant animation which accompanies the extravagant spending of money; the restaurants are no longer illuminated far into the small hours of the morning. Indeed, it is with the greatest difficulty—and only thanks to the patronage of foreigners—that half a dozen first-class restaurants continue to exist at all; and from time to time you hear of one of these closing its doors, and yielding up its place to the economical Bouillon Duval. Such is the fate of Brabant's, at the corner of the Faubourg Montmartre and the Boulevard; the customers have become so few that the restaurant so well known to literary men will be shortly closed, and reopened as a cheap eating-house. Now-a-days, the Parisians are not rich enough to dine at good restaurants, which have been beaten out of the field by the moderate-priced luxury of the innumerable clubs.

Pictorial exhibitions are becoming as numerous in Paris as they are in London. The two latest are those of Vasili Vereschagin and Jan Van Beers. M. Vereschagin exhibits, at the Cercle Volney, a whole series of pictures on capital executions of various kinds—such as crucifixion, shooting from the cannon's mouth, hanging, and what not. This painter is really a humanitarian and philosophic lecturer, who uses forms and colours instead of words; his pictures give literary rather than artistic pleasure. M. Van Beers' name has recently been before the public in a lawsuit, which showed that he signed and sold as his own work copies of his pictures made by various hireling hands. This proceeding is hardly honest, but it is nevertheless employed by many well-known artists; the mistake that M. Van Beers made was to provoke this lawsuit merely with a view to getting his name advertised. Amongst the three or four hundred works exhibited by this artist in the gallery of the Rue Laffitte there are certain works which show that M. Van Beers has talent enough to make himself famous without having recourse to unworthy means.

The French Academy of Medicine at a recent sitting heard some interesting communications concerning coal-tar sugar or saccharine, which has of late become an important article of commerce. The sum and substance of the communications was that saccharine is not an aliment as sugar is; that its use is likely to have disastrous consequences from the point of

view of public health; and that from the point of view of hygiene, national finances, and national industry, it is desirable that the attention of the Government should be directed to this new product, its manufacture, and its importation into France.

M. Désiré Charnay has published a novel, called "Une Princesse indienne avant la Conquête," which is not a simple work of imagination, but the history of a vanished civilisation, written from documents collected by the author during his exploration of the peninsula of Yucatan. The romance, interesting in itself, is in this case a simple pretext for a tableau of Aztec life and civilisation before the Spanish Conquest, in 1541. The eminent explorer has produced a very fascinating volume.

T. C.

Grave anxiety has been caused in Berlin by a serious change in the condition of the Emperor Frederick, who did not pass a good night on Sunday, April 15, and was rather feverish. He did not leave his bed on Monday till the afternoon, when he sat up for a little while. In the evening he had a short sleep, after which he was visited by the Empress Augusta. The medical report was that he was feverish with a rising temperature, and that there was an appearance of bronchitis. All the sons and daughters of the Emperor—including Prince Henry, who arrived from Wilhelmshaven at an early hour on Monday morning—are assembled in the Castle of Charlottenburg. The Crown Prince William and Prince Bismarck were for a long time closeted with the Emperor on Monday afternoon. An Imperial Order, appointing the Crown Prince to act as representative of the Emperor, has been signed by his Majesty. The latest accounts of the Emperor's health, as our first edition was being put to press, were, happily, much more favourable. After the doctors had consulted together on April 16 they issued the following bulletin:—"Since yesterday the bronchitic symptoms of the Emperor have considerably decreased, and the fever has also diminished. The night was better, and his Majesty's general state is satisfactory."

BIRTH.

On March 13, at Gorukhpore, the wife of William Henry Argles, of a son.

MARRIAGE.

On March 24, at the Cathedral, Madras, by the Lord Bishop of the Diocese, John J. Whiteley, youngest son of the late Rev. Edward Whiteley, M.A., formerly British Chaplain at Oporto, and Rector of Sutton Montis, Somerset, to Gertrude E. Martin, youngest daughter of Major G. M. Martin, Private Secretary to H.H. the Maharajah of Mysore.

DEATH.

On April 15, at The Grange, Stainton, in Cleveland, Mary, the widow of Claude de Quellos, formerly of Calcutta, aged 92 years.

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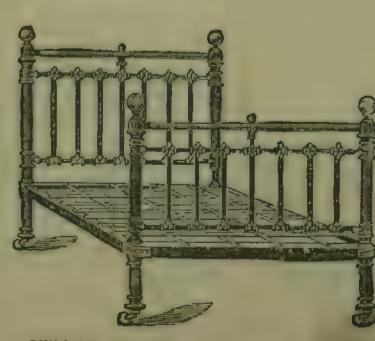
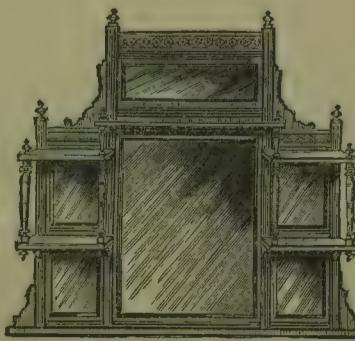
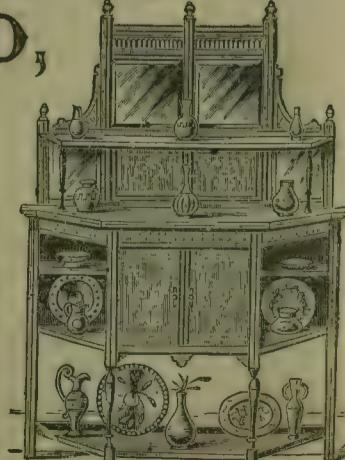
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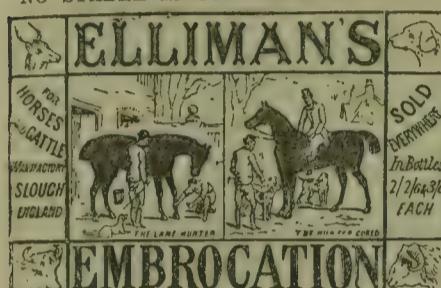
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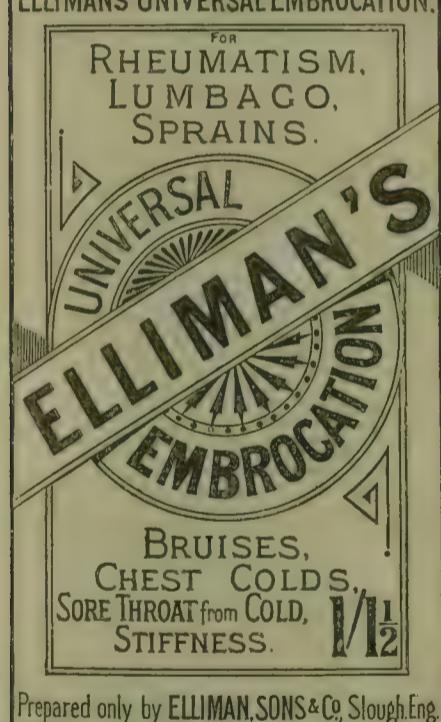
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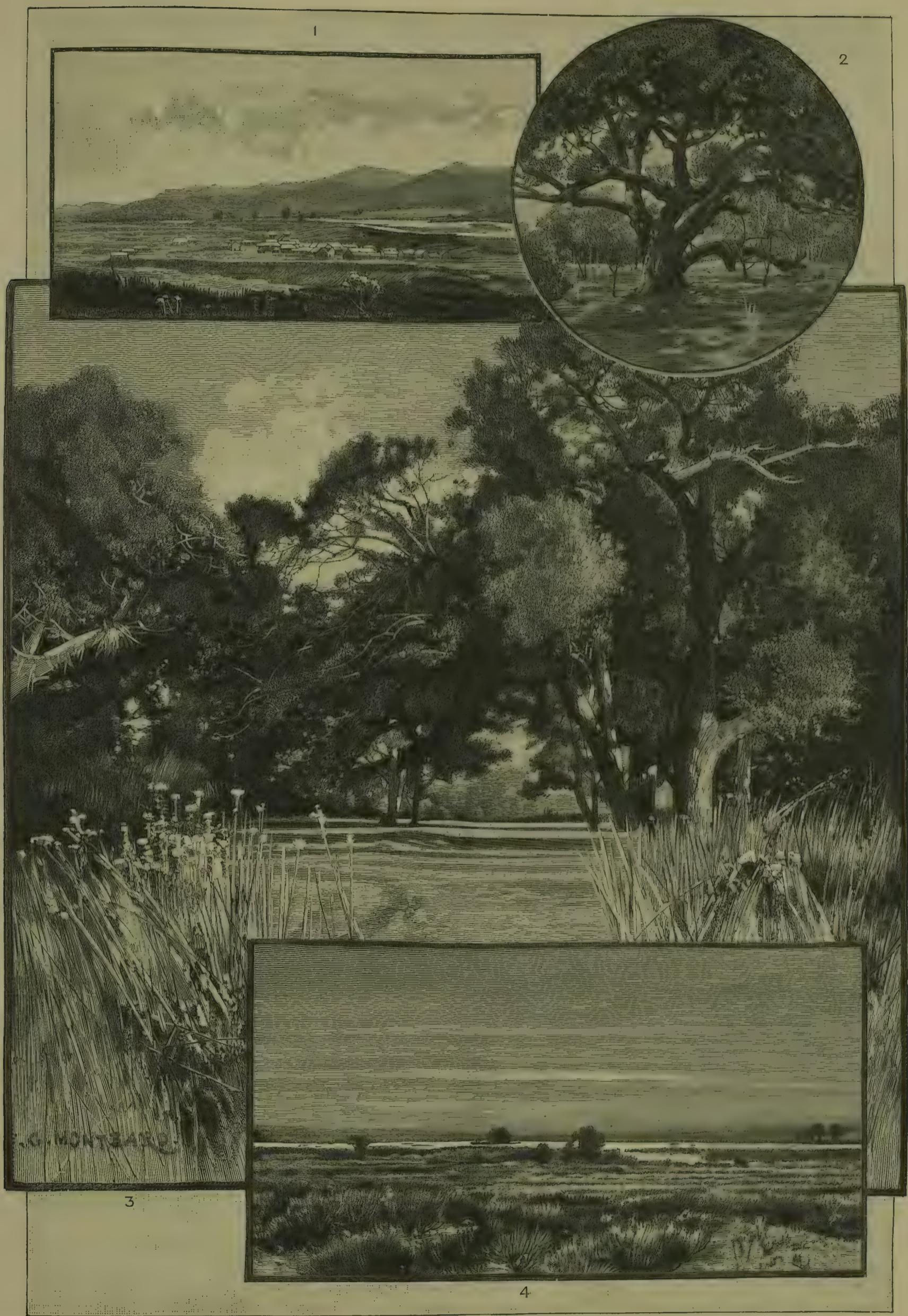
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Annual



1. Real del Castillo, San Rafael Valley.

2. The Monarch of Las Animas Cañon.

3. Oak Grove, Las Animas Cañon.

4. Valley of San Rafael, looking South.

LOWER CALIFORNIA.

The opening of a new field for emigration is a matter of interest for most civilised nations and for all classes of society. Our Australian colonies are about to celebrate the centenary of their settlement, and no longer offer the rich prizes to be secured in connection with the founding of a new community; while from most parts of the United States, whatever may be the opportunities still remaining for exceptional



HON. EDGAR T. WELLES.

President of the International Company of Mexico for the Settlements of Lower California.

enterprise, reports of "strikes" and labour troubles tell a tale the reverse of encouraging to those who wish at once to better their condition by the removal of their household gods. Skilled labour can always command a market; but many who leave these shores with no special knowledge or capacity to direct and assist them, on arrival at their destination discover to their cost that they have made no change for the better. In all cases favourable climate and fertile land are important considerations in determining the chance of settlers, and both these requirements are amply satisfied by the territory in Lower California now opened up as the possible home for hundreds of thousands of the English-speaking race.

The peninsula of Lower California, although in Mexican territory, is separated from the mainland by the Gulf of California, while about half-way down from the United States frontier at San Diego a lofty mountain chain cuts it into a northern and southern division. The southern half is more or less sparsely settled with inhabitants of Mexican origin; but the rocky barrier has hitherto effectively prevented the spread northward of what may be considered the native population, and has preserved a territory of about eighteen million acres practically as virgin soil. The occurrence of a sandy desert near the mouth of the Rio Colorado seems to have deterred settlement from the north, while on the Pacific coast the harbours of call were all on the southern extremity of the peninsula. To a combination of these and other circumstance may be ascribed the fact that until quite recently a population of four or five hundred people, all told, occupied a vast territory, with almost limitless capacity for development, and whose natural advantages so impressed the fathers of the early mission that they called the region "Tierra Perfecta," or "Perfect Land." The equable character of the climate of California is well known, and is subject of delighted eulogy by all visitors to the Pacific coast. The stream of winter visitors and settlers into this part of the United States grows in volume every year, and one of the most fashionable and lucrative forms of enterprise among the smaller class of American capitalists is the cultivation of fruit farms in the "Golden State." The upper part of the Californian peninsula differs in no respect from the neighbouring territory within the limits of the Union, which has become so valuable of late years; and the tide of settlement is not to be arrested by the artificial barrier of a frontier line. It is a matter for congratulation that a vast territory, so attractive in climate and soil, should have been opened up for settlement on terms which place the land within the means of the poorer class of emigrants, who are now shut out from California itself by the "rush" which has been made to that favoured land.

As the result of a series of careful explorations by American and English capitalists, the title to the whole of the northern half of Lower California, a district about the size of Scotland, has been acquired by the International Company of Mexico—a joint-stock company established under special charter of the United States law. The opportunity for the employment of capital seems a tempting one, and opens a vista, considering the changed conditions of science and commerce, comparable only to the early operations of the East India or Hudson's Bay Companies. The varied resources of the territory acquired formed indeed a source of embarrassment to the promoters, who at first could hardly determine in what direction their efforts could be with most advantage directed. The men who are directing the undertaking are of such well-known character and energy that it is certain that before long their enterprise will command general attention. The president of the company is the Hon. Edgar T. Welles, son of the celebrated Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy in the Lincoln Administration. General Richard A. Elmer, treasurer, late Assistant Postmaster-General; Major Sisson, of California, who has spent five or six years in exploring the property; and Captain Francis Pavay, the European agent, are also the right men in the right places, and their names give assurance that the administration on both sides of the Atlantic will be all that could be desired. The first outlay of the promoters was not excessive, since one third of the land surveyed was acquired as payment for making the surveys, according to precedent arrangements in other States, and the remaining two thirds were subsequently purchased direct of the Mexican Government without intermediaries. The work now taken in hand to develop the resources of this territory, and to invite settlement by Americans and Englishmen, is an important one for the future of Mexico, the Government of which has been induced to grant exceptional conditions, as regards freedom from taxation, &c., to settlers in this territory, in view of the leaven of foreign capital and enterprise to be introduced by the company.

The climate is spoken of by all visitors as delightful. Though in sub-tropical regions, the sea-breezes reduce the average summer heat to 74 deg. Fahrenheit. Observations over a series of ten years show no approach to the excessive heat which ranges so far to the northward on the Atlantic coast. In winter frost is virtually unknown, while the rainfall is adequate for cultivation. "Camping out" the whole year round entails no hardship in this dry and equable climate, a fact to which the health of the exploring parties employed by the company bears eloquent testimony. With regard to means of communication, steamers ply from San Francisco all along the coast, while a line of railway of 200 miles in length is projected, which will eventually connect with the United States system. A great range of choice lands from which to select is offered by the company. Farm lands, fruit lands, grazing, timber, or mineral lands, are offered at prices ranging from twenty-five cents an acre and upwards, while in the neighbouring State of California equally good land is fetching at the rate of 20 dols. to 100 dols. an acre. Small farms already occupied on the company's lands produce luxuriant supplies of grapes, oranges, limes, figs, bananas, dates, and pineapples. Wheat, barley, and Indian corn grow everywhere, and with abundant yield. In the higher valleys and on the table-lands the fruits of Europe, such as apples, peaches, pears, plums, cherries, and currants are raised, and throughout the peninsula raisins and choice wines can be produced with ease. The vintages still to be tasted at some of the remaining Jesuit missions astonish visitors by their body and "bouquet." Bunch-grass and edible shrubs grow on the hillsides from base to summit; and no more fattening food for stock exists in the ranches of the United States. In Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Minnesota, and Wyoming the severity of the winter is an element which frequently destroys the margin of profit. In favoured years, an increase of 65 per cent on the annual "round up" in Northern States is considered a profitable season. In disastrous years the loss of stock is enormous, many a venture being spoiled by the intensity of the frost and wintry storms destroying young stock, and carrying ruin far and wide. In Lower California suffering to stock is unknown, the average annual increase—i.e., calves branded at the "round up"—is not less than 90 per cent.

Of other fields for enterprise, copper-mines have been extensively worked for several years. Ore of high grade exists in large quantity, and gold has been discovered in two large fields, which are believed by experts to promise as well as those which for forty years have enriched the world in Northern California. Manufactures afford a promising field. Half the public revenue of Mexico is derived from customs duties, and manufactured goods are all taxed at the port of entry from 100 to 300 per cent upon their value. Settlers on lands obtained from the International Company are, however, granted free imports for twenty years of household and personal effects, all farming implements, seeds, horses, and cattle for use and breeding purposes; and pioneers of new industries are exempted from taxation for twenty years.

The Company, which was formed only some four or five years ago, founded their first colony at Ensenada, on the fine harbour of the Bay of Todos Santos (All Saints) so called by the early missionary fathers. The town, which is seventy miles south of San Diego, now has a population of between 2500 and 3000 people, a good water supply has been secured, trees planted in the streets, a park laid out and planted, and three hotels built by the Company, the last and largest of which, completed in September at a cost of between £18,000 and £20,000, has accommodated during the first three months some 4800 guests. With greater enterprise than is shown in London, this infant town is lighted by electricity. A stage-coach line runs from San Diego, and there is also daily communication by steamer. The railway projected along the peninsula is about to be constructed by a separate Company, under the same auspices, with a subsidy of about £3100 per mile from the Mexican Government. Another colony has been started at St. Quintin, 120 miles below Ensenada, and by last accounts about forty houses had been already erected, including a large boarding-house or hotel.

In carrying out these various enterprises, it has been thought best by the promoters to form subsidiary companies, each Company having a special territory, and the International Company owning all the stock. Each of these undertakings offers employment to settlers. The Steam-ship Company owns four steamers, and has a Government subsidy of 8000 dols. a trip for those running from San Diego along the coast to San José de Guatemala. The pressure of business is, however, stated to be so great that the longer trips have had to be discontinued until increased tonnage can be secured.

The Company's operations are not confined to the Californian peninsula, though the superior advantages of that district render it the most attractive to settlers. On the mainland surveys have been undertaken in the States of Sonora, Sinaloa, Guerro, and Chiapas, and land secured in return for such services. In Chiapas, a State which adjoins Guatemala, a Railway Company has been organised, and work commenced on a line for which a subsidy of 6000 dols. a kilometer has been granted. Another promising enterprise is a corporation formed with a capital of 2½ million dols., which is engaged in mining surveys and shipping guano from the islands in the Gulf of California. Last year the Company shipped, chiefly to Hamburg, about 10,000 tons of this fertiliser, and anticipate the export of 50 per cent more this year. A superphosphate factory has also been established by the Company near San Francisco, in connection with these deposits, and a monopoly is expected of this business, with an export to China, where there is a great demand for fertilisers.

With such prospects of business activity, with a glorious climate, and a fertile virgin soil, every attraction exists to induce a stream of immigration. Americans will doubtless at first predominate among the new inhabitants; but already the English capital embarked in the enterprise has been the means of directing the attention of Englishmen to the advantages of this, the latest field opened for settlement. The district is comparatively easy of access. Arrangements have been made by which for about £15 the journey can be made from England across the American continent to San Diego. The speedy success which seems assured to those who have already left this country for Lower California will not be long in securing additions to the population of the State.

The Alexandra Palace is to be reopened on May 12, when the first of a series of Saturday afternoon concerts will be given, several eminent artists being already announced.

Princess Christian will open the new Lecture Hall of the Working Lads' Institute, Whitechapel, to-day, April 21. The first wing was opened two years ago by the Princess of Wales. The present building completes the scheme, and makes the total accommodation suffice for over one thousand working lads. The total cost, including freehold land and furnishing, is £17,000, of which £6000 remains to be raised, and the friends hope to clear the whole of this amount in connection with the forthcoming Royal function. The treasurer is F. A. Bevan, Esq., 54, Lombard-street, E.C.

CALIFORNIAN SKETCHES.

It will be observed that the Illustrations which fill the front page of this half-sheet are those of the districts in Lower or Mexican California, to the south of San Diego on the Pacific Ocean coast and of the frontier boundary-line drawn eastward to the junction of the Rio Colorado with the Gila, which are now made available for occupation by the International Company just described. The fruitful nature of their soil and climate, producing the finest grapes, oranges, and semi-tropical fruits, and permitting the cultivation of sugar, as well as the noble woodland and park scenery of that favoured country, will appear from the Sketches on another page. We have repeatedly, in noticing several books of travels, one of the most recent being that of Mr. Francis, published a few months ago, quoted descriptions of Las Animas, and other districts easily accessible, which are reported to offer an inviting field of pastoral and agricultural settlement. Todos Santos, the old Spanish town lower down the coast, is the scene of Mr. Bret Harte's amusing romance, "The Crusade of the Excelsior," which was written for *The Illustrated London News*.

The northern portion of the State of California, from the 35th to the 42nd degree of latitude, has necessarily a different climate, but one of the most healthy and agreeable on earth. The surface of the country, however, is so varied, and intersected by such high mountain ranges inland, that there is great diversity in this respect, as well as in scenery and natural products. Every visitor to San Francisco, the greatest maritime and commercial city of the West, is likely to hear of the "Seal Rocks," near the "Golden Gate" entrance to the bay, about six miles from the city. Trams and omnibuses from town convey numerous holiday passengers to the Cliff House, where they enjoy an open view of the Pacific Ocean; and below the cliff, on three or four groups of rocky islets, hundreds of seals and sea-lions are constantly seen basking in bright sunshine, or plunging sportively in the waves, or climbing the higher pinnacles, while they greet the inquisitive human intruder on their gambols with loud barking or angry grunting. It is forbidden by law to molest these animals, which are one of the public amusements of the citizens. They abound still more on the Faralope islands, outside the Bay—rugged pieces of rock some two hundred acres in extent, belonging to an egg company, which makes a profit by collecting and selling the eggs of the "murre," an aquatic bird peculiar to this seacoast.

The sublime scenery of the Yosemite Valley, which lies inland 220 miles from San Francisco, and the marvellous big trees of "Sequoia gigantea," in the ancient groves of Calaveras and Mariposa, have been made familiar to us all by frequent accounts, and by many pictures and photographs. The Yosemite is a vast trough or trench of granite, six miles long, from half a mile to a mile wide, and three quarters of a mile deep, hollowed out in the general surface of the land, midway between the eastward and the westward ranges of mountains, which are separated from each other by a tract of country seventy miles wide. The sides of this wonderful hole in the earth are almost everywhere precipitous, and are guarded by rocky summits attaining heights from 3000 ft. to 4737 ft. above the floor of the valley, displaying a variety of fantastic shapes. Waterfalls or cascades of singular beauty pour down into it from the higher ground.



CAPTAIN FRANCIS PAVY,

European Representative of the International Company of Mexico for the Settlements of Lower California.

forming streams which join the Merced river, as it bends, with many abrupt turns, from one side to the other, over a level grassy bottom; ferns and forest trees grow on some parts of the sides where they rise less steeply. The highland regions adjacent to the Sierra Nevada, the Wahsatch, and the Coast Ranges, in the northern part of this State, present scenes of rocky wildness and desolation. The lower parts have given birth, at a remote period, to an immense forest vegetation, of which the remains are found at Calaveras, thirty miles from the old town of Sonora, and at Mariposa, sixteen miles to the south of the Yosemite Valley. Here are still living and growing, though much decayed, a few hundred specimens of the "Sequoia gigantea," at one time called the "Wellingtonia," the largest of American trees. Four of those at Calaveras are about 300 ft. high, and the trunks of some of them measure fifty or sixty feet round. It is calculated that the largest of the Californian trees must be thirteen hundred years old. As shown in one of our Sketches, a roadway or gate has been hewn through the trunk of an enormous tree, or it may have been found hollow, and the opening on both sides enlarged so as to allow the passage of a horseman. It will be remembered that a portion of the bark of one of these trees was long ago brought to London, and was set up in the Crystal Palace, to give an idea of the huge size of the trunk.

The romantic marvels of nature in California, Oregon, and the other Pacific States of America—indeed, all west from Colorado and the Rocky Mountains—are endless. The Klamath district, on the border of Oregon, overlooked by Mount Shasta, which towers majestically to an altitude of 14,390 ft., has its Lava Beds, a curious local feature, the natural fortress of the Modoc Indians during their rebellion in 1873. The grizzly bear still haunts this north-western region, affording sport to the huntsman. Of the mining riches of California, much has been said on former occasions.

THE NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB.

At the Dudley Gallery (Egyptian Hall) the New English Art Club has opened its third exhibition, which, had the works selected been of higher average merit, would doubtless have aroused something more than languid curiosity. What the aims of the "New English Art" may be it is difficult to generalise or deduce from the specimens presented, for the places of honour seemed to have been especially reserved for works which it is difficult to take seriously. The aims of the Præ-Raphaelites although frequently misrepresented, and still more often misunderstood, were, nevertheless, in a general way intelligible to students. They were received as a protest against that slovenliness of work and aimlessness of purpose which five-and-thirty years ago overshadowed English art. They effected their purpose; and it is to their influence chiefly that we trace the revival of art-taste among us. But what is the aim and purpose of the New English Art, as taught by Mr. Walter Sickert, Mr. Wilson Steer, Mr. Alexander Harrison, Mr. Raven-Hill, and Mr. Charles Shannon? It cannot be that they call themselves impressionists in the sense understood by French artists of that temperament. Of these latter, and of a nearly successful attempt to depict action and movement on canvas, we have a good instance in M. Degas' pastel "Une danseuse verte" (18), although its charm is materially diminished by the introduction of another *figurante's* leg, and the unnecessary ugliness and roughness of the figures in the background. Another French artist of this school, M. Emile Blanche, sends, however, a work, "Printemps" (51), which seems to have had more attractions for the hierophants of the New English Art than the works of Manet, Brown, Degas, or Monet. The last-named apparently has a disciple in Mr. Wilson Steer, whose "Summer's Evening" (74) occupies the place of honour. In spite of its intending to represent three young ladies (without clothes) on a shingly beach, it is in the highest degree decorous. The most prudent imagination would fail to invest the strange creatures with the ordinary attributes of their sex, just as the most imaginative lover of the seashore would be struck speechless by the colouring of the pebbles, the sand, and the distant breakwater. Whilst Mr. Steer favours us with "the Graces" as conceived by the representatives of the New English Art, Mr. Walter Sickert delineates for us its Venus in the form of Miss Katie Lawrence (5), who seems to be a popular singer at Messrs. Gatti's Palace of Varieties. We question much whether the proprietors of that place of amusement, or the lady, will altogether appreciate the bold advertisement Mr. Sickert gives them. It is obviously impossible for others to say what impression the singer may have produced on the artist, but we may be permitted to declare that, on the ordinary spectator of the latter's picture, he might have more advisedly taken a Guy Fawkes' figure from the street for his model. It is not only in the cardboard face and wooden body that the resemblance lies, but in the straw-stuffed hands and extended fingers that the likeness is faithfully maintained. Mr. Sickert has on previous occasions shown himself to be an artist of taste and insight, and therefore to launch upon the world such a work or even the formless, colourless, meaningless dab entitled "The Vale, Chelsea" (119), without a word of explanation or apology, shows a strange conception of duty towards the art he can have no desire to degrade. Mr. Steer has taken M. Monet as his leader in his fantastic arrangements of colour; but the French impressionist was careful to show the world that he understood the art of drawing and painting before he ventured upon his new crusade. M. Monet, moreover, is not only a subtle colourist, but also a careful worker; whilst his English imitator seems only anxious to show that works of art can be produced without more effort than is required for squeezing a tube of colour on to a canvas.

We have dealt somewhat at length upon these two typical works of the New Art School, because there seems some real danger lest the public may take them seriously. If they had figured in Mr. Harry Furniss's next show they would have been in their proper place; and would have excited a hearty laugh. In this exhibition they are altogether out of place, and we cannot too strongly urge upon the recollection of the committee of management the well known aphorism, true alike for art and literature: "Rien n'est beau que le vrai, le vrai seul est aimable." Happily, all the works are not of the same order or style. There is an exceedingly clever *pochade* by Mr. Whistler—"A White Note" (98), a girl in an admirable pose, looking over a bit of landscape—painted many years ago, for it is a Whistler "before the mark," no symptom of the butterfly being discernible. Mr. Chevallier Tayler has a carefully finished group, "A Council of Three" (56), recalling De Blaas and Van Haanen rather too directly; Mr. T. B. Kennington has a clever but somewhat over-clean street Arab (86); and Mr. Francis Bate is represented by two really striking effects of light—a portrait of Mr. L. Little (11) lighting his pipe under a street lamp, and "Idle Gossip" (13), two countryfolk in the full blaze of midday sun. Amongst the other more interesting and noteworthy pictures may be mentioned Mr. G. Morton's "Anxious News" (1), Mr. T. C. Gotch's "Ungrateful Gift" (3), Miss E. A. Armstrong's "April" (8), Mr. Francis James's "A London Interior" (19), Mr. Stanhope Forbes's "Palmistry" (36), Mr. W. H. S. Llewellyn's "Reverie" (28) and his "Eventide" (90), Mr. H. S. Tuke's "Promise" (39) and his portrait of Mrs. Fox (81), Mr. J. Henry's "Road to the Village" (42), Mr. George Clausen's "Gathering Potatoes" (44), a clever portrait of a seated lady by Mr. E. A. Walton (43), Miss Edith Paull's "Absolved" (46), Mr. Fred. Hall's "Poverty" (67), Mr. Anderson Hague's "Unwilling Model" (92), Mrs. Marianne Stokes's "Mending a Sail" (93) and the "Jewish Cemetery" (107), Mr. S. J. Solomon's portrait of Mrs. Joseph (101), Mr. Laidlay's "Duck-Shooting on the Broads" (102), and Mr. J. F. Goodall's "Return of Spring" (106), together with a few others. Altogether the exhibition is an interesting one, and its chief merit lies in the evidence that those who seek most to avoid the beaten path are those who seem to be least advancing to the goal they had in view when starting in the race for fame.

The Koekkoek Gallery (72, Piccadilly), although known to picture amateurs, has not hitherto entered into competition with the older established exhibitions in claiming public recognition. The proprietors have, however, done wisely in inviting a more numerous class to see the recent works of M. De Munkacsy, Brozik, and others. Two out of the three painted by the first-named artist are, practically, variations of a single theme, "The Ballad" and "My Old Mother's Song." In the former a young girl is singing to an attentive old man and a somewhat leering young one; in the latter, the girl has an old lady for her audience. The combination of tones and colours is very similar in both works, and both are painted with that breadth and finish which distinguish Munkacsy's art from all others. The third picture, "A la Promenade," is pitched in a very different key: the contrasts of black and white have disappeared, and through the high green trees which overhang a flowered pathway the light is breaking on all sides. Herr Brozik's "Followers of John

Huss" represents the interior of a Bohemian cottage, in which the confessors and martyrs of the new faith are assembled to listen to the reading of the forbidden Bible, which the old patriarch is expounding with intensity of energy and action. The group of listeners is strongly painted, and their feelings strongly accentuated; but we doubt much if pictures of this school will, in this country, at least, arouse the interest they would have excited thirty years ago. Amongst other interesting works in the gallery are those of Diaz, De Neuville, Jacque, Roelofs, Frère, and Ruybet—enough to give the exhibition a place among the sights of the season.

It is now about sixteen years since Miss Elizabeth Thompson first came before the public as an artist; and two years later—that is to say, in 1874—her picture, "The Roll Call," at Burlington House, attracted the attention of the Prince of Wales. To his discernment, more than to the critics of the day, Miss Thompson owed the popularity she richly deserved. In comparison with her later pictures, "The Roll Call" still holds its own, both as a composition and as a natural rendering of soldiers in line. In her subsequent works, such as "The Balaclava Charge" and "Quatre Bras," of which copies are only to be seen at the exhibition of Lady Butler's collected works, now on view at Messrs. Graves (Pall-mall), the artist displays more of the excitement of the battlefield and the penalties of war. These two were, perhaps, her masterpieces: for in the treatment of individual figures she has run over the gamut of human passions with a firm and skilful hand. In a lesser degree this pathos, which underlies so much of Lady Butler's work and gives it its great charm, is seen in the "Return from Inkermann" and "Floreat Etona"—an episode of the attack on Laing's Neck, where Lieutenant Elwes of the 58th was shot down early in the day. At the same time, such spirited pictures as "Scotland for Ever!" the charge of the Heavy Cavalry at Waterloo—"Ces terribles chevaux gris," as Napoleon called them—and the "Artillery Team in Action" show that Lady Butler can depict with more than average skill the "pomp and pageantry of glorious war." Altogether the exhibition is an interesting one, and will doubtless be popular during the ensuing season.

The three artists, Messrs. Alfred East, T. C. Gotch, and Ayerst Ingram, who have been illustrating the Duchy of Cornwall, furnish a more than usually interesting exhibition at the Fine-Art Society's Gallery (148, New Bond-street). The claims of the "New Quay School" to public recognition have on more than one occasion been recognised in these columns, but its distinctive merits have seldom been so prominently brought out as in the present display. Mr. Ayerst Ingram is especially successful in catching the varying beauties of sea atmosphere—and its relation to clouds and water—and shows his strength in such delicate works as that of the "Fog Clearing away—off the Land's End" (21), the sands at "Low Water at Bude" (11), and "The Trawlers at Anchor" (24). In three works hung together, "The Estuary of the Camel" (32), "Off the Lizard" (33), and "Plymouth Trawlers" (34), we have very excellent instances of his treatment of mist, cloud, and sunlight glow. Mr. Alfred East is even more subtle in his renderings of shore and inland scenes, as, for instance, "The Evening at Fowey" (40), "Noon at St. Phillack" (45), "The Evening Glow at Hayle Copperhouse" (56), and in a little gem of a "Sketch from Crowan Village" (77). Mr. T. C. Gotch paints with a broader brush, and is chiefly successful in his delineation of the children and fisherfolk of the Duchy of Cornwall. The boy "Silas" (54), in a blue jersey, and the girl "Ethel" (61), in a white smock, are capital works in every respect; whilst "An Artist of the Newlyn School" (13), "Playmates" (47), and "Bogey!" (84), show that in the composition of a picture he is far from being a novice. Some of his landscapes, such as "Twilight at Perranporth" (64) and "Porth-towan Beach" (66), are quite worthy of a place beside those of his fellow-workers. Altogether the exhibition is a most interesting one, unfolding as it does some of the beauties of a district too little known to our countrymen.

The confidence placed in Mr. Mortimer Menpes by Messrs. Dowdeswells has been fully justified by the result. Some two years ago he was intrusted by that firm with a delicate mission to Japan; and at their gallery (160, New Bond-street) may be seen the fruits of Mr. Menpes's labours. He is able to tell us more about Japanese out-door life and customs than can be obtained from pages of descriptive writing, and he brings home to us very plainly that the bright colours of Japanese costume and decoration are in contrast to, not in reflection of the skies and atmosphere of the country. The studies, whether of individual figures or of groups, are so minute—but broad withal—that any detailed analysis of the couple of hundred paintings, drawings, and etchings with which the room is hung would be altogether impossible. Another difficulty arises from the remarkable evenness of Mr. Menpes's work, which seldom falls short of a level higher than that which equally facile artists as a rule attain. Throughout his work the best traits of Mr. Whistler's influence are clearly traceable. He may not be always as dexterous as his master with either brush or needle; but he is quite as *spirituel*—and in some of his street scenes infuses a note of humour and sympathy with street life in which Mr. Whistler is wanting. If, however, there should be any to whom the delicate charm of Mr. Menpes's work fails to appeal, they will find ample compensation in the gallery itself, which also bears the reflection of Mr. Whistler's manner. Messrs. Dowdeswells, moreover, have conferred a service upon a large section of the community in introducing not a new sauce, but a new colour, to their notice—and we can confidently predict for them unlimited applications for a supply of the peach-blossom silk with which the gallery is tastefully draped.

The restoration of the portion of Hampton Court destroyed by fire two winters ago is completed. It has cost £7500.

The yacht-race for £1000 between Mr. Lawrence Ames' yawl *Atlantis* and Captain Buller's ketch *Bridesmaid*, from Southampton Water to Madeira, has been won by the *Bridesmaid*.

By permission of the Treasurer and Benchers of the Inner Temple the next flower show of the Royal Horticultural Society will take place in the Inner Temple Gardens on Thursday, May 17.

Professor Sir Charles Newton is about to deliver at the University College a course of six lectures on the Greek and Roman stage; the first discourse being given on Friday, April 20, and dealing with the main features which distinguish the Greek and Roman stage from modern theatrical performances, and the sources of our information respecting the ancient drama.

The following are the commission days fixed by the Judges for holding the ensuing spring assizes—viz., North-Eastern Circuit (Mr. Baron Pollock and Mr. Justice Mathew), Leeds, Monday, April 30; Northern Circuit (Mr. Justice Day and Mr. Justice Charles), Manchester, Saturday, April 21; Liverpool, Thursday, May 3. Business will be commenced at each place on the day following the commission day. Both civil and criminal business will be taken at these assizes.

SLEEP.

It sometimes strikes one as a singular dispensation, to use an old Puritan term, that most people should spend a third part of their lives in sleep. Life at its longest is so short, and we have so much to do in it, that men who are carrying out a great project, and are stimulated by a high ambition, grudge the claims of sleep, and sometimes defy them. Students with more spirit than strength have, like Kirke White, killed themselves in this way, and if soldiers, statesmen, and anxious watchers by sick beds have been known in great emergencies to keep awake for several successive nights, they have rarely done so with impunity. Sleep, indeed, like its twin-brother, Death, cannot be long defied: we must yield at last, and all healthy natures do yield every evening with the most grateful sense of enjoyment. Poets, who are popularly supposed to burn the midnight oil (poetical diction will not, even in these days, permit the mention of gas), understand the secrets of sleep, and have said a thousand pretty things about it. Shakespeare, who, like all men who have done great work, must have been a good sleeper, writes of sleep *con amore*. To quote all his fine sayings would be absurd when every reader can find them on turning to a concordance; but just note how, when Macbeth by a wicked deed had murdered "the innocent sleep," he appreciates its virtues—

Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great Nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's fast.

In one of his sonnets Shakespeare writes of bed as the "dear repose of limbs with travel tired," and the Elizabethan sonneteers, like their successors, love to dwell on the same soothing theme. Indeed, if the late Sir Henry Holland was right in saying that the sonnet was a form of verse eminently fitted to cause sleep, it is not strange that Daniel, Sir Philip Sidney, Drummond, Keats, and Wordsworth should have addressed sonnets to the—

Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health.

"Blessings light on him who first invented sleep," says Sancho Panza. "It covers a man like a cloak. It is meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, heat for the cold, and cold for the hot." This is the sleep of health, and it is sweet. But the sleep weighted with an evil conscience, with a great burden of sorrow, with the nightmare of disease, is scared with dreams and terrified through visions. There are men and women haunted by evil or sad memories who dread to lie down, and regard sleep as their direst foe. And yet there is nothing more beautiful or gentle—few things which bring with them more soothing and pleasurable thoughts. Everyone has observed the likeness—with how great a difference!—between sleep and death. "I long to kiss the image of my death" says the Scottish poet Drummond; and the early Christians loved to speak of death as falling asleep, knowing how, to quote the beautiful words of the Psalmist, "He giveth His beloved sleep."

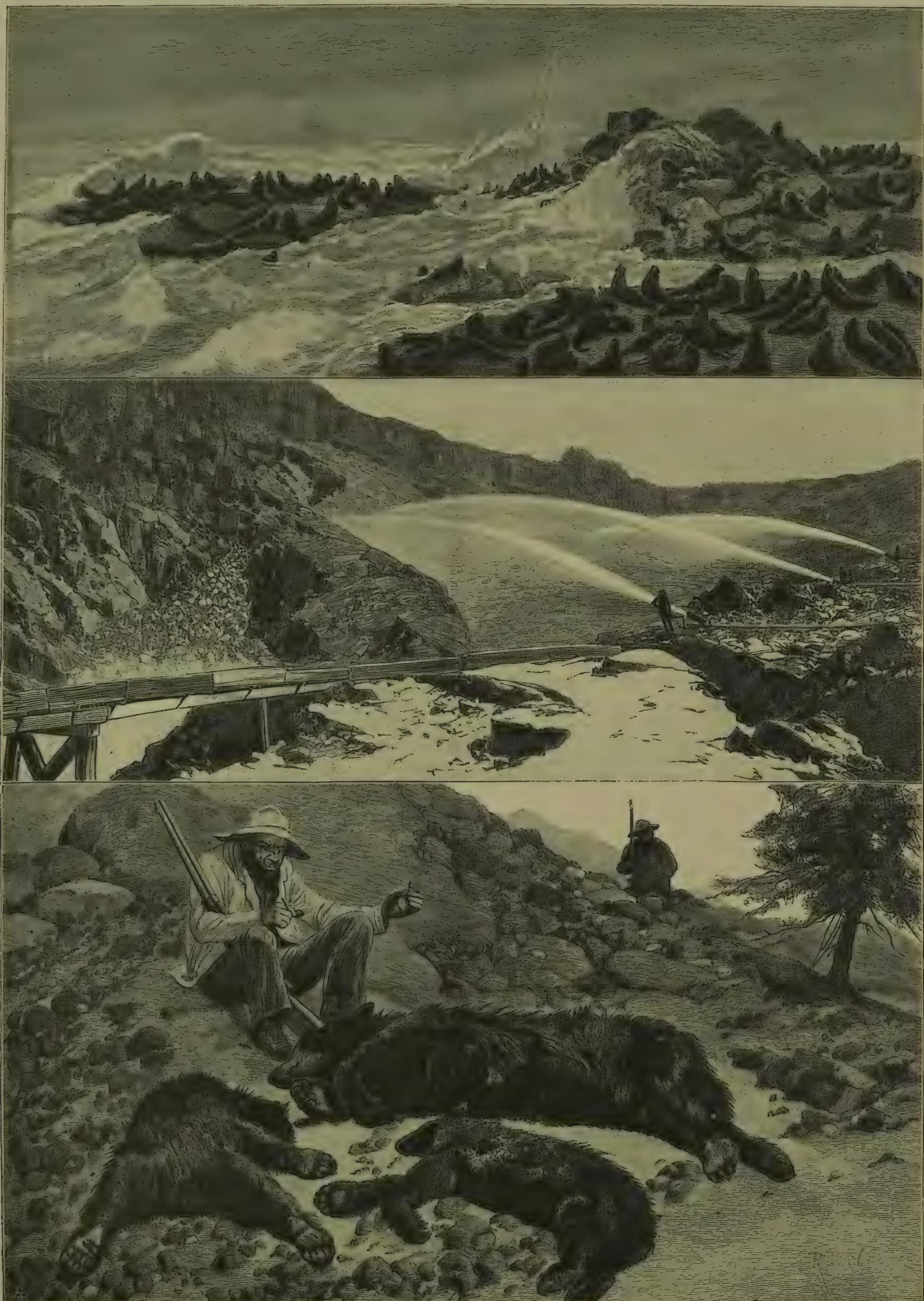
Sleep has its drawbacks. It is awkward to fall asleep when your friend the vicar is preaching one of his most eloquent sermons; and Pope, who went to sleep at the dinner-table when the Prince of Wales was talking to him, must have felt a little uncomfortable. A small poet asks you to listen to his verses, and, with much inward reluctance, you submit to the infliction. The monotony of the voice and the dullness of the rhymes, alas! act as the most potent of soporifics, and just as the poet looks up, expecting to win your praise by some dainty couplet, he sees his friend's eyes closed and is greeted with a snore. Sleep, too, is terribly contrary. It forsakes the wretched, and, as Young says, "lights on lids unsullied with a tear." When the doctor declares that life depends upon sleep and sleep delays to come, the anxiety is so great that one is tempted, with Wordsworth, to call it "worst tyrant by which flesh is crost." Insomnia with some comparatively healthy people is a frequent trial, especially as age advances; and every kind of remedy has been tried by these victims of sleeplessness. They repeat verses, count up figures, turn or try to turn Carlyle into English, and even attempt to expound the latest utterances of Mr. Browning. The most eccentric remedies have been tried to produce sleep. "A friend of mine," said Lord Erskine, "was suffering from a continual wakefulness, and various methods were tried to send him to sleep, but in vain. At last his physicians resorted to an experiment which succeeded perfectly: they dressed him in a watchman's coat, put a lantern into his hand, placed him in a sentry-box, and he was asleep in ten minutes." Uncertain noises prevent sleep, and it was not so much the crowing of a cock that kept Carlyle awake as the feeling that at any moment the cock might crow. On the other hand, nothing is more soothing than a continuous sound. Some grumbler complained, on going into the country, that he could not sleep for the nightingales. For my part, I think every rural sound, save the harsh voice of the peacock, is conducive to repose. The bleating of sheep, the moan of doves, the grasshopper's chirp, the contentious chattering of sparrows in the early morning, the fall of water, the lowing of cattle, the ploughman's whistle, the flail in the barn—a rare sound now-a-days—and, above all, the noise

Of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune—

are pleasant sounds provocative of happy dreams. Some modern inventions seem designed to prevent repose. The Castle of Indolence is stormed by them. Mowing grass with a scythe, though the artist Leech could not bear it, is a sound listened to with pleasure when we lie in the "pleasing land of drowsy-head"; but the grating noise of the mowing-machine banishes sleep at once; and the shrill whistle of the railway engine inclines one to exclaim, with the Chelsea philosopher, that "nothing of blockhead mankind's procedure seems madder and even more condemnable than their brutish bedlamish creation of needless noises."

"Dreams are a world," and no doubt great truths have been sometimes taught by them; but for the most part, and for most people, dreams are more symptomatic of indigestion than of inspiration. Coleridge dreamt a lovely bit of musical verse; but then his unfortunate habit of taking opium made him a dreamer by day as well as by night; and the experience of the man who, upon regretting that he had dreamt some exquisite lines and forgotten them, learnt from his wife that the lines were nonsense, is much more in accordance with the experience of ordinary mortals.

It is a striking thought that in a great city like London there are thousands of people awake and active when, from the silence of the streets, it seems as though "all that mighty heart is lying still." There may be the uneasy head that wears a crown; there are the sick folk who cannot sleep, and the nurses who watch beside their beds; there are the printers of morning journals, with their editors and leader-writers; there are the clerks at telegraph-offices; there are authors who find night the time to work, and are "sleepless themselves to give their readers sleep"; there are the revellers at feasts; there are market-gardeners bringing their wares to Covent-garden; milkmen who anticipate the dawning; policemen, soldiers, and firemen watching for us while we sleep; and an army of the criminal and unfortunate who, like the wild beasts of the jungle, seek their prey at night and sleep by day. J. D.



1. Seal Point, Faralope Isles, Bay of San Francisco.

2. Gold Mining in Nevada County.

3. A Good Day for Bears; Mount Shasta.



SKETCHES IN LOWER CALIFORNIA: A FRUITFUL LAND.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will and codicil (both dat 1 August, 1885) of the Right Rev. Hibbert Binney, Lord Bishop of Nova Scotia, late of Halifax, Nova Scotia, who died at New York on April 30 last, were proved on March 24 by the Rev. William Hibbert Binney, the son, and Lewis Hill Bliss, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £66,000. The testator bequeaths £6000 and an annuity of £1200 to his wife, Mary; annuities of £750 each to his three children and to his son-in-law, Captain Herbert Belfield; £500 to his cousin, the Rev. Douglas Binney; 2000 dols. to the Diocesan Synod of Nova Scotia, upon trust, to pay the income to the Bishop of the See for the time being; 2000 dols. to the said synod, upon trust, for educating the children of two or more clergymen; 2000 dols. to the said synod, upon trust, for the support of a clergyman, to be at the disposal of the Bishop; 2000 dols. to the said synod, upon trust, to invest and accumulate the income till such time as a refuge for fallen women shall be established at Halifax, when the income is to go towards the expenses thereof; and legacies to executor and servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his three children and his grand-daughter, Mary Clare Belfield.

The will (dated Oct. 28, 1887) of Mr. Charles Salmon Vallack, J.P., formerly of Wringford, Cornwall, but late of No. 5, St. Michael's-terrace, Stoke Devonport, who died on Jan. 26 last, was proved on March 27 by the Rev. William Henry Thackwell, Joseph Hearle, and Edmund Vallack, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £63,000. Subject to the devise of certain properties in the counties of Devon and Cornwall to relatives, the testator leaves all his property, upon trust, as to one quarter thereof for his sister, Judith Caroline Vallack, and at her death to his sisters Emily Sophia Adelaide Thackwell and Albertine Jane Briggs, one fourth to his said sister, Mrs. Thackwell, and then to her heirs; another fourth to Mrs. Briggs and her heirs, and the remaining one fourth to his nephew, Edmund Vallack, and at his death to his children.

The will (dated May 26, 1887) and a codicil (dated Aug. 31, 1887) of Mr. Thomas Blizard Curling, F.R.S., for some long time Senior Surgeon of the London Hospital, and late of No. 27, Brunswick-square, Brighton, who died at Cannes on March 4, were proved on April 11 by John Wilson Cooper and Charles Robert Rivington, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £52,000. The testator gives £1000 to the Samaritan Society of the London Hospital; £200 each to the Royal Medical Benevolent College (Epsom) and the Royal Society (for the purpose of the Scientific Relief Fund); £10,000, and his freehold house, No. 27, Brunswick-square, with the furniture and effects therein, to his sister Emily; £10,000 to his sister Louisa; £10,000, upon trust, for his daughter-in-law, Mrs. George Swayne Curling, and on her death, to the London Hospital; and other specific legacies and bequests. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his nephew, Major Henry Curling, R.A., absolutely.

The will (dated Nov. 27, 1885) of Mr. Thomas Jex, formerly of the Scots Greys and 1st Life Guards, and late of No. 15, Victoria-street, who died on Feb. 15 last, was proved on April 5, by Mrs. Henrietta Mary Jackson, the daughter, and Mr. Robert Crichton Layng, the executors. the value of the personal

estate exceeding £45,000. The testator devises all his freehold estate called "Trenchmores," at Shere, Surrey, to his daughter, Mrs. Henrietta Mary Jackson, and leaves to her and her husband the use of his presentation plate, for life, and at their death to their sons as heirlooms; and legacies to executor and servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his daughter, upon the trusts and provisions of her marriage settlement.

The Scotch Confirmation, under the Seal of the Commissariot of Ayrshire, of the trust disposition and deed of settlement (dated Dec. 18, 1886) of Mr. Arthur Wellesley Robertson Cuninghame, late of Auchentharvie, Stevenston, who died on Feb. 9 last, granted to Cuninghame Glencairn Robertson Cuninghame, the younger, and Robert Strathern, the executors nominate, was resealed in London on April 6, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland exceeding £30,000.

The will (dated Nov. 29, 1887) of Mr. Charles Carr, late of Moorland House, No. 1, Regent-street, Leek, Stafford, who died on Jan. 22 last, was proved on April 10 by Henry Carr, Edward Carr, and William Carr, the brothers and executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £29,000. Subject to a few small legacies, the testator leaves all his property, upon trust, to divide the income into six parts, and to pay one of such parts to each of his three brothers, his two sisters, Isabella and Ellen, and his nephew, Joseph Newton Smith; and on their respective deaths, as to the capital, to the children of Joseph Newton Smith, and his niece, Mary Ann Frances Walker, in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 2, 1888), with two codicils (dated Feb. 16 and 25, 1888), of Mr. William Earl, late of No. 52, Stroud Green-road, who died on March 28 last, was proved on April 7 by James William Crook and Walter Marston, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £11,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 to the Great Northern Hospital; £500 each to the Asylum for Fatherless Children, Reedham, Croydon; the Alexandra Orphanage, Hornsey-rise; the Infant Orphan Asylum, Wanstead; the Asylum for Idiots, Redhill, Surrey; and the British Home for Incurables, Clapham; £100 to the North London Nursing Association for the Poor, Holloway; £50 to the City of London Truss Society; £1000 to his sister, Mary Lee, and £2000, upon trust, for her for life, and at her death to his niece, Edith Marston; £3000 to his said niece, Edith Marston; £2000 to his brother John; £1500 each to his brother Joseph, and his sister Susanna Stanley; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves as to three fourths thereof to his brothers and sisters, and one fourth to his nephews and nieces, in equal shares.

Sir Edward Watkin, M.P., on April 11 opened a new building at Folkestone, erected, at a cost of nearly £5000, as a free library and museum, and to provide accommodation for science and art classes. There was a large attendance.

The Floral Hall is to be absorbed into Covent-garden Market, and henceforth it seems probable that its history will be identified with the fruit supply of London. The Duke of Bedford has bought the lease of it, and has been laying out a large sum of money in repairing it, and in adapting it to the requirements of its new purpose.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

At a meeting of this institution, held at its house, John-street, Adelphi, on April 12, its silver medal, accompanied by a copy of the vote inscribed on vellum, was awarded to Mr. Edwin Matthews, coxswain of the Lizard life-boat, in recognition of his long and gallant services in saving life from shipwreck. The silver medal and a copy of the vote on vellum were also awarded to Mr. William Wallace, assistant-keeper of the Point of Ayre Lighthouse, Isle of Man; to his wife; to Miss Blythe, daughter of the head keeper of the lighthouse; and to Mr. T. A. Christian, temporary assistant-keeper, for wading into the surf, at great risk, with ropes, and saving the crew of four men of the schooner Burns and Bessie, of Barrow, which stranded on the Point of Ayre during a strong gale from the east on March 11. Other rewards, amounting to £543, were granted to the crews of life-boats of the institution and shore-boats for services in saving life from shipwreck. Payments amounting to £6080 were also ordered to be made on the 291 life-boat establishments of the institution. Among the contributions recently received were £50, annual subscription, from her Majesty the Queen, and £700 from Mrs. Atherton Howard, of Cheltenham, to defray the cost of the Anstruther new life-boat—the Royal Stuart. Regret was expressed at the death of Mr. Charles H. Cooke, F.R.I.B.A., who had been the institution's architect for thirty years. New life-boats have been sent, since the last meeting, to Stonehaven, Skerries, and Campbeltown. Reports were read from the Chief Inspector and the District Inspectors of Life-boats on their recent visits to life-boat stations.

Mr. Kinloch Cooke, of the Oxford Circuit, has been appointed prosecuting counsel to the Mint for all assizes and sessions held in Berkshire.

Sir John Lubbock has been presented with the honorary freedom of the Company of Carpenters, in recognition of his eminent services to the cause of technical education.

It has been resolved by the Irish Privy Council to place the county of Louth under the provisions of the Crimes Act relating to proclaimed districts.

The second swarm of the "Busy Bees" this season will be at St. George's Hall, on April 26, when will be performed "Moths," a romantic drama, by H. Hamilton. Tickets may be procured from the hon. secretary, Mrs. Lennox Browne, 36, Weymouth-street, Portland-place, and at the hall.

Dr. Durnford, Bishop of Chichester, who is now holding various Confirmations in the neighbourhood of Worthing, confirmed about 135 persons on Wednesday, April 11, at the parish church of Sompting—this being, as far as is known, the first Confirmation held in this ancient church during the present century at least.

Through the liberality of Mrs. Grote, of Leveson Lodge, Clapham-common, a clock and bell have been fitted in the tower of Trinity Church, Upper Tooting. The work was intrusted to Mr. J. W. Benson, clockmaker to the Queen, Ludgate-hill, London, who is well known in Surrey, being the maker of many clocks in that county. The hours are struck on a bell of 3 cwt. The clock, which is fitted with all the latest improvements, will be the standard time for the neighbourhood.

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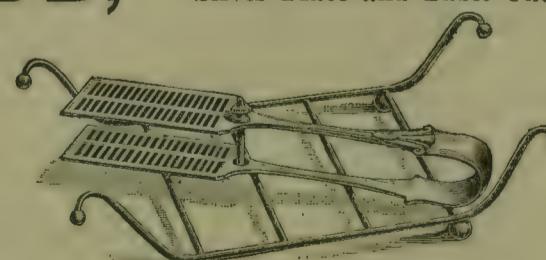
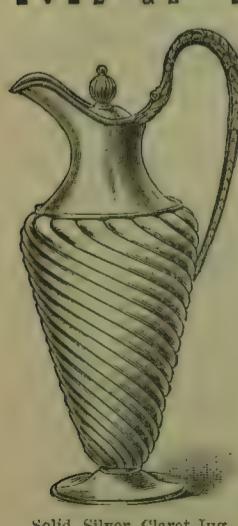
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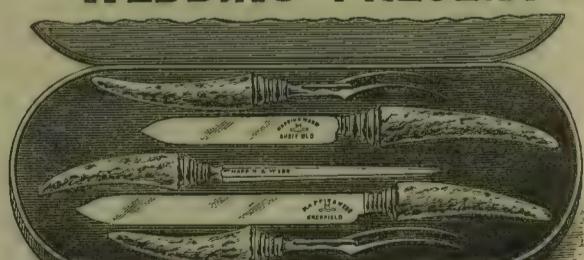
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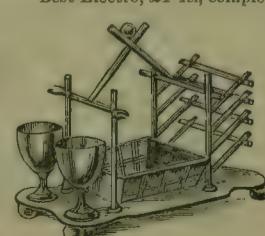


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WAR!

IF IT BE POSSIBLE, AS MUCH AS IN YOU LIES, STUDY TO LIVE AT PEACE WITH ALL MEN.

O world!

O men! what are ye; and our best designs.

That ye must work by crime to punish crime,

And slay, as if death had but this one gate?—Byron.

THE COST OF WAR.—Give me the money that has been spent in war, and I will purchase every foot of land upon the globe; I will clothe every man, woman, and child in an attire of which Kings and Queens would be proud; I will build a schoolhouse on every hillside and in every valley over the whole earth; I will build an academy in every town, and endow it; a college in every state, and will fill it with able professors; I will crown every hill with a place of worship consecrated to the promulgation of the gospel of peace; I will support in every pulpit an able teacher, so that on every Sabbath the chime on one hill should answer the chime on another round the earth's wide circumference, and the voice of prayer and song of praise should ascend, like a universal holocaust, to Heaven.—RICHARD.

WHAT IS MORE TERRIBLE THAN WAR?

OUTRAGED NATURE—She is never tired of killing, till she has taught man the terrible lesson he is so slow to learn—that Nature is only conquered by obeying her. . . . Nature is fierce when she is offended, as she is bounteous and kind when she is obeyed. Ah, would to God that some man had the pictorial eloquence to put before the mothers of England the mass of preventible suffering which exists in England year after year!—KINGSLEY.

Read Pamphlet entitled "DUTY" (on prevention of Disease by Natural Means), given with each bottle of ENO'S "VEGETABLE MOTO."

AT HOME, MY HOUSEHOLD GOD; ABROAD, MY VADE MECUM. A GENERAL OFFICER, writing from Ascot on Jan. 2, 1886, says: "Blessings on your 'FRUIT SALT'! I trust it is not profane to say so, but, in common parlance, I swear by it. Here stands the cherished bottle, my little idol—at home, my household god; abroad, my *vade mecum*. Think not this the rhapsody of an hypochondriac. No; it is the outpouring of a grateful heart. I am, in common I daresay with numerous old fellows of my age (67) now and then troubled with a tiresome liver. No sooner, however, do I use your cheery remedy, than exit pain—Richard is himself again! So highly do I value your composition, that, when taking it, I grudge even the sediment always remaining at the bottom of the glass. I give the following advice to those who have learnt to appreciate its inestimable benefits:—

When ENO'S SALT betimes you take
No waste of this elixir make;
But drain the dregs, and lick the cup
Of this the perfect pick-me-up."

WRITING again on Jan. 24, 1888, he adds:—"Dear Sir,—A year or two ago I addressed you in grateful recognition of the never-failing virtues of your world-famed remedy. The same old man in the same strain now salutes you with the following:—

When Time, who steals our years away,
Shall steal our pleasures too,
Eno's Fruit Salt will prove our stay,
And still our strength renew."

FEVERS, BLOOD POISONS, &c.—"Egypt, Cairo.—Since my arrival in Egypt in August last, I have on three occasions been attacked by fever; on the first occasion I lay in hospital six weeks. The last attacks have been completely repulsed in a short time by the use of your valuable 'FRUIT SALT,' to which I owe my present health at the very least, if not my life itself. Heartfelt gratitude for my restoration impels me to add my testimony to the already overwhelming store of the same, and in so doing I feel that I am but obeying the dictates of duty. Believe me, Sir, gratefully yours, A CORPORAL, 19th HUSSARS.—May 26, 1883.—Mr. J. C. ENO."

CAUTION.—Examine each bottle, and see that the capsule is marked
"ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'"

Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation. Sold by all Chemists.

IMPORTANT TO ALL.—They ought to be kept in every house and every travelling trunk in readiness for any emergency.

PREPARED ONLY AT ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, LONDON, S.E. BY J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

TO AID NATURE in CHILDHOOD, MIDDLE AGE, or ADVANCED LIFE, without force or strain, use ENO'S "VEGETABLE MOTO" (a simple Vegetable Extract), when combined with ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." They perform their work "silently as the twilight comes when the day is done"; and the patient is much astonished to find his bilious attack, &c., has completely fled before the simple and natural onslaught of the Moto. You cannot overstate their great value in keeping the Blood pure and preventing disease.

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Or Eno's Specific for Headaches, Stomach Disorders, &c., not a Drastic Purge with Hazardous force, but a Natural Laxative, Stomachic, Bile or Liver Tonic Pill, an occasional adjunct to Eno's "Fruit Salt."

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WEST INDIES.—"To Mr. J. C. ENO, London.—Please send further supply of your 'VEGETABLE MOTO,' to the value of the P.O. inclosed (eight shillings). The first small parcel came fully up to what is written of them.—St. Kitts, West Indies, Oct. 11, 1887."

ENO'S "VEGETABLE MOTO."

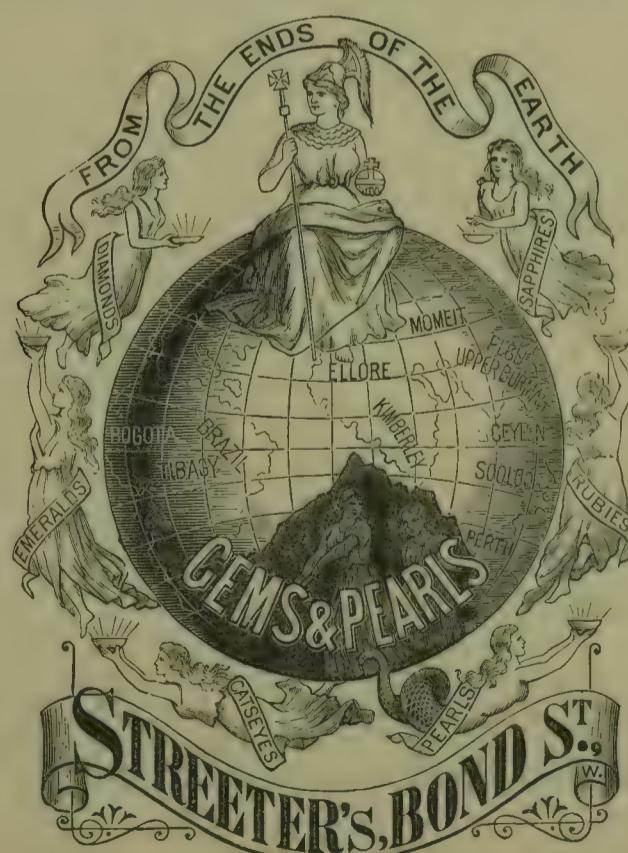
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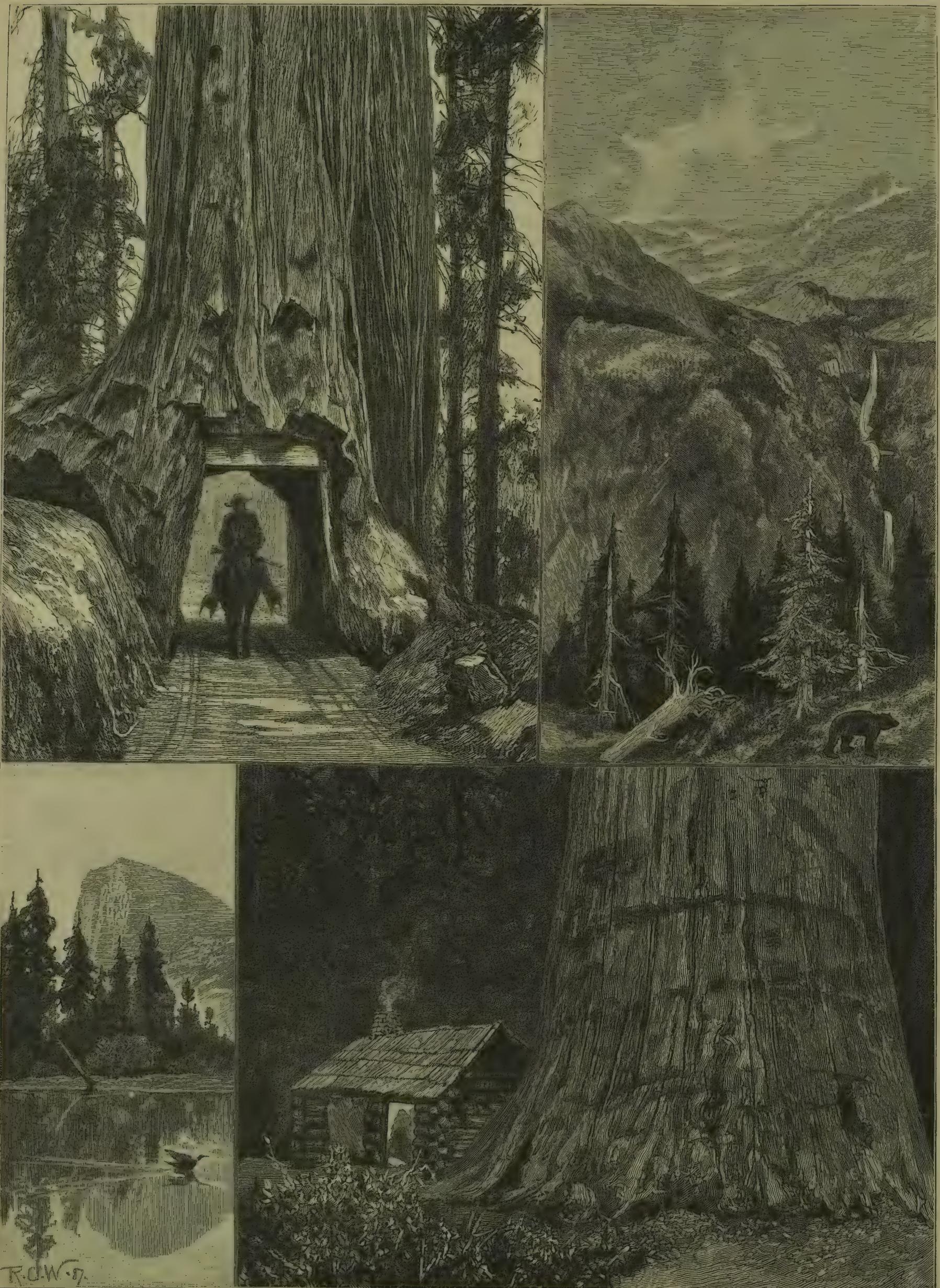
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CALIFORNIAN SKETCHES: MAMMOTH TREES; ROCK AND MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A HOUSE-BOAT.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Now he goes on, and sings of fairs and shows,
For still new fairs before his eyes arose.
How pedlars' stalls with glittering toys are laid,
The various fairings of the country in aid.
Long silken laces hang upon the twine,
And rows of pins and amber bracelets shine;
How the tight lass knives, combs, and scissors spies,
And looks on thimbles with desiring eyes.
Of lotteries next with tuneful note he told,
Where silver spoons are won, and rings of gold.
The lads and lasses trudge the street along,
And all the fair is crowded in his song."

Next morning our women-folk, though they did not say much, betrayed a quite remarkable eagerness and animation; and we could guess the cause; for we had discovered by the map that we were not more than half-a-dozen miles from Worcester; and no doubt such imagination as Heaven had vouchsafed to these two creatures was already running riot in shops and purchases. And yet it seemed hard to believe that we were in the immediate neighbourhood of a great and ancient city, whose story told of sieges and fires and massacres, whose streets had resounded with the din of battle and the shouts of victorious hosts. Here, in a kind of dreamlike haze of sunlight, lay quiet fields and meadows; the elms and the hawthorns scarcely stirred a leaf; the only living thing we could see was a pheasant stalking warily through the long grass and eyeing us from time to time—his plumage a blaze amongst the green. Then there were the yellow waters of the canal; a small red bridge in the distance; some further groups of trees; that was all. Not a sound anywhere—even the birds had forsaken us.

"Yes, Miss Peggy," one says to the young lady, when we are all assembled at breakfast, "you must scold Captain Columbus for being late. It is easy to understand why you are anxious to push on. We know what your head is full of at this moment. Shops—gloves—laces—white-rose scent—and things of that kind? No, no. You are a daughter of the Great Republic of the West; and, of course, you are anxious to see the scene of Cromwell's last battle—the 'crowning mercy' that established the Commonwealth!"

"Peggy," says Mrs. Threepenny-bit, with innocent eyes, "you haven't been studying English history for some time back—I was quite forgetting!"

"Oh, you hold your tongue!" one continues. "There is only one period of history that is of any importance in your eyes. You see everything from an angle of 45 degrees—1745, I mean; nothing else has any interest for you. But you, Miss Peggy: well, we will show you the cathedral-tower where Charles II. and his Council of War stood and watched Fleetwood building his bridge of boats across the Severn; and we will show you the spot where the Lord-General massed his forces, bringing them along by Stratford-on-Avon and Evesham and Pershore!"

"Was Cromwell ever at Stratford-on-Avon?" she says quickly—as if that were a very curious circumstance.

"Certainly. And we will show you where Fleetwood crossed the Teme, and drove the Scotch, fighting hard, back into the suburbs of the town; and where Cromwell, on the other side of the Severn, had to give way for a time before the final charge."

"Is there a theatre in Worcester?" asks Queen Tita, with shocking irrelevance; the fate of Charles II. is as nothing to her; that is not the one of the Stuart family who enlists her sympathy.

"There is."

"Then we must take Peggy; she has never been to a provincial theatre in England; and her education can't be completed without that. Then I mean to send a telegram to Bell, just to remind her of old times; how strange it will be to be in Worcester again!"

"And I shall have a whole heap of letters, I know," says Miss Peggy.

"And I am trying to make myself believe that I shall find a box of cigars packed among my things that are coming from Aldershot," observed our Colonel, somewhat wistfully; so that it will be seen there was a plentiful variety of reasons why we should gird a little at Captain Columbus being late.

But when that trustworthy functionary appeared, the delay was easily explained. It turned out that Tibberton had entirely declined to shelter them for the night. No lodging of any kind or description could be found, either there or in the surrounding neighbourhood. So they had come wandering back to the canal; and at last they had met with a most hospitable lock-keeper, who not only offered them the use of his parlour for the night, but was so kind as to provide them with a modest supper, and, moreover, showed them some kind of shed or another where they could put up the horse. We

began to wonder how many centuries ago it was that Tibberton received its name of "the holy town"; and whether it was a resort of pious pilgrims, and a populous and famous place; and why it had so completely and lamentably fallen away from its high fortunes: in the midst of which aimless speculations Captain Columbus had once more attached our motive power, and presently we were smoothly gliding onwards and towards the city of Worcester.

Now it soon became apparent that Colonel Cameron had not forgotten the proposal of the previous evening that Miss Peggy and her friend should pay a visit to Inverfask that autumn; on the contrary, it seemed to have a kind of fascination for him; he returned to it again and again, and always on the assumption that it was an accepted engagement.

"I only wish you could remain there long enough to become thoroughly acquainted with the people," said he to the young lady, as she was considerably helping to steer the boat with her bronze-slipped foot on the tiller. "They may have their faults!"

"But which, Sir Ewen?" interposes Queen Tita, promptly: the notion that her beloved Highland folk could have any faults seemed to startle her.

"Well," said he, rather evasively, "for one thing, I think

woman; and he would be sure to say something nice about England out of kindness to me!"

Now just at this moment Murdoch happened to come forth from the saloon. He had smartened himself up after his morning's work; and he now timidly inquired of the young lady if he was not wanted at the tiller.

"Oh, no, thank you, Murdoch," said she, most pleasantly, "I mean to steer all the way in to Worcester."

And then it was that Colonel Cameron—tempted by the opportunity—and forgetting half his hostess's injunction—asked Murdoch what he thought of England.

"Murdoch, what do you think of this country, now that you have seen so much of it?"

It was a shame. The poor lad glanced nervously at "the mistress," as he was used to call her. For this was a kind of public challenge; his truthfulness was at stake; and yet here was she, an Englishwoman, regarding him. But he was equal to the occasion, after all; for he took refuge in his native tongue.

"'Si dàthach bhringh a th' intu gu dearbh; ach's fhearr leamsa 'bhi an dàthach fhéin,'" said he, with averted eyes; and then he withdrew into the interior of the boat—making his way up to the bow, where he remained on guard.

"What did he say?" asked Mrs. Threepenny-bit, as soon as he was out of hearing.

Sir Ewen smiled a little.

"Perhaps you won't think it very complimentary. He said—'It is a beautiful country, without any doubt; but I would rather be in my own country.' A little touch of home-sickness; that is all."

"Indeed I don't see what he could have said," said she, warmly. "If it comes to that—well I wish I were there too!"

"What!" cries Peggy.

"Oh, well, I am quite content with this expedition," she admits, in a half-hearted sort of way. "Yes; I wouldn't have missed it. It has been a very unusual experience; and most interesting at times; I should have been extremely sorry to have missed it. Still—still—well, I won't be so ungrateful as to say anything against it; for we have had many, many delightful days, in the strangest kind of places; and some of the most delightful evenings I ever spent in my life—haven't we, Peggy?—and all I will say is this—that when we get you out among the western islands, far away there in the North, and in a proper sort of yacht, you will find it a little different: that is all I will say."

"In other words," says Miss Peggy, gravely, "This is a beautiful country, without any doubt; but I would rather be in my own country."

And then she turns to Colonel Cameron, and regards him for a swift second in a curious sort of way.

"Sir Ewen, do the people up there look upon you with any of the old clanship feeling—because of the name—and the history of your family?"

"Oh, no, no," said he; "whatever of that exists now among the Camerons goes naturally to Lochiel. He is chief of the clan. Among the Camerons, whether they are in Argyllshire, or Inverness-shire, or in the backwoods of Canada, Lochiel is everybody; I am nobody."

"There are some I know in the Highlands," puts in Queen Tita, "who would not like to hear that said by anyone else of 'The Coarnel.'"

And in this wise we stole along through the still landscape; making our way under small red bridges, and between woods, and upland slopes, and fertile plains, until we drew near to the ancient city. The approach to Worcester by way of the canal is extremely pleasant; there are suburban villas on sloping banks and surrounded with gardens, which, at this time of the year, were a mass of blossom. The wharves, when we got to them, were not so captivating, of course; yet we had little reason to complain; for we found the people very good-natured; one firm of wharfingers, in especial—whom we had no opportunity of thanking when we left—being so kind as to furnish us with a snug little berth for the Nameless Barge, and giving us free right of way through their premises. Accordingly, when we had got our things packed, we left them to be brought along by our crew; and started off for the town, and for the Unicorn Hotel.

And what a wild Maclström of a place was this into which we now plunged! The pavements were impassable with crowds of people; our eyes were bewildered with the staring shop windows and signs; our ears distracted with the rattle of innumerable wheels. Our faint recollection of Worcester had been that it was rather an old-fashioned and sleepy town: now we found ourselves suddenly transferred from the remoteness and the silence of these pastoral wanderings into the full roaring blast of nineteenth-century life. The coffee-room at the Unicorn Hotel seemed a large hall. We had almost forgotten what kind of rooms we wanted. And as for dinner, how could we fix the hour even without Murdoch's adroit advice? We felt ourselves in a measure helpless—come out of another world—stranded upon an unknown shore. And then we became conscious that it was not we who ought to be bewildered, but the landlady, on finding herself confronted by a group of strangers, who had arrived on foot, and without luggage, and yet who apparently had some vague kind of desire to remain.



She proceeded to search and hunt for possible wedding presents.

they are a little apt to tell you what they imagine will please you—rather than be strictly accurate!"

"Indeed, then, I don't find much to object to in an excess of courtesy!" she says, at once. "It is a good deal preferable to boorishness. Most other people wouldn't take the trouble to make things pleasant for you. I'm afraid, Sir Ewen, you will have to find some other fault with my Highlanders!"

"But I was going to tell Miss Rosslyn what was certainly not one of their faults," said he "and that is ingratitude. If a lady lives among them, and is a little kind to them—friendly in her manner, I mean—it is wonderful the affection they will show towards her, and the pride they will take in doing her little services. And then there's another thing: they are the only peasantry I have ever met with who have the knack of saying pretty and nice things; the rudest of them!"

"But, Sir Ewen, there are none of them rude!" Mrs. Threepenny-bit exclaimed.

He laughed.

"They have won your heart, at all events. But what I was going to say is that they have an extraordinary faculty for paying you pretty little compliments—making nice, friendly little speeches!"

"Ah, don't I know that!" she said again.

"And then you must remember that English is a foreign tongue to them; that makes it all the more astonishing; but they are a quick-witted race!"

"I think it is their disposition," said she. "If people are well-disposed towards you, and naturally obliging and courteous, the chance always comes, and the phrase too. Look at Murdoch, now. I know he is disappointed with this boat—ashamed of it, most likely. He is lamenting day by day that we haven't a yacht—away there in the West Highlands; but would he say it? He would not. I wish, Sir Ewen, you would ask him some time what he really thinks of England—I mean, when I am not by; for he knows I am an English-

"I expected moats and battlements—gates, portcullises, drawbridges, and so on," said Miss Peggy, as we sat at lunch (we had at length summoned courage to make known our wants; and found that, although we hailed from the dim



"I will tell that to Peggy in the morning," says Mrs. Threepenny-bit reflectively.

regions of Arcady, the trim waitress at the Unicorn sufficiently understood our speech); "but it is quite a modern city."

"It is not a warlike town any longer," her hostess admitted; "it is more of an ecclesiastical town: wait till we take you to the Cathedral, and show you all the quaint old buildings attached to it—with their pretty gardens, and ivied walls, and their look of learned repose. I remember them perfectly; I used to think that the people who lived in those houses must be very well content. And then, Peggy, as we go there, we must keep a look-out for the old furniture-shops. I was told there were two or three very good ones in Worcester; and one never goes wrong in picking up some knick-knack—a little Sheraton table, or an eighteenth-century tea-tray, or something of the kind—for it is sure to come in handy. If you don't want it yourself, it will do for a wedding-present; and we are always having to look out for a wedding present: young people will go and make fools of themselves. Hardly any six months go by without our having to go and search for something; and, of course, you can't ignominiously fall back on spoons."

Miss Peggy looked up; and it was as clear as daylight that something exceptionally impudent was on the tip of her tongue. Then her eyes fell; and she said not a word. That was one good thing that had been secured by the coming of Sir Ewen Cameron; she was very well behaved now; and even, at times, quite respectful to her seniors.

Thereafter we went out into the town again; but now we avoided the crowded thoroughfares—crowded because of some fair or cattle-market, we were told; and made away for the quieter neighbourhood of the Cathedral and the Severn shore. And as we walked along, it was naturally to be expected that our ingenuous young friend should be willing—if not downright anxious—to hear all about Sexulphus and Wulstan, about Hardicanute and William Rufus, and Stephen, and other great folk whose names are associated with the history of Worcester. But it was not Worcester at all that Miss Peggy had in her mind. What like was Inverfask House, she was asking. Was it an old building—in the form of a castle, perhaps? Was it close to the sea? Were there any islands near it? Or mountains? How long had it belonged to this branch of the Camerons? Was Colonel Cameron likely to give up his soldiering, and go and live among his own people? How had the estate come to be so heavily mortgaged? Not through his fault, then? But the burdens were being gradually removed? And it was as a soldier, rather than as Cameron of Inverfask, that he was much thought of in the Highlands? Or in both respects, perhaps? And was he much liked by the people?

"I could imagine that he would be," she said, absently answering her own question.

And then an odd thing happened when we were at the Cathedral. We had shown her the richly-sculptured chancel, the beautiful cloisters, and so forth; and had taken her round to the back of the building, from which she had a wide view over the valley of the Severn, with the pale blue Malvern Hills in the south. She regarded these for a second or two, and then she said—

"Is that like Scotland?"

Queen Tita had just come along.

"Peggy!" she said indignantly.

"Well?" the girl answered, in absolute innocence.

"That like Scotland! Is a painted tea-tray like Scotland? Wait till you see!"

It seemed hard that the Malvern Hills should have been used so despicably by an Englishwoman; whereas the Scotch

Miss Rosslyn," he continued—still addressing himself to the tall young lady, while Queen Tita kept rummaging among mouldy old sconces, inlaid tea-trays, dower-chests, and the like, "I heard you say something the other day about these actual things being very interesting to you, as bringing historical times and events much more near, and making them seem real. Well, now, here was the house that Prince Charles lodged in just after he had raised his standard in Glenfinnan; and these were actually part of the house; and if you would care to take one or other of these bits of curiosities home with you to America!"

"Oh, no, no, Colonel Cameron!—I could not think of such a thing—why, they are quite invaluable!" she exclaimed at once; and the hot blood sprang to her face.

"Not as something to remind you of Inverfask, and the West Highlands, and your visit?" said he, in his gentle way. "I won't ask you to take the piece of twisted balustrade—though that more certainly formed part of the house than anything else; because it would be cumbersome, and I don't see what you could make of it. But the little oak frame—it is very quaint and obviously very old: I think, Miss Rosslyn, we will persuade you to accept that, when we are all at Inverfask together."

And little it was that the small woman hunting there among pots and pans knew of what had been going on. No doubt she thought we three bystanders were idly talking of indifferent matters, or perhaps having a little amusement over the eagerness of her search. Had she learned that Colonel Cameron had just pressed on the acceptance of this young American lady one of the treasures of Inverfask House; and that Miss Peggy had tacitly consented to accept it as a souvenir of her forthcoming visit to his place in the Highlands, perhaps the curiosity hunter would not have been quite so easy in her mind. For it was with great equanimity that she now proceeded to collect her purchases; and to pay for them; and give instructions about their being forwarded to London; and it was with a light heart that she took Peggy's arm and marched her out of the shop, saying we should just have time to get a cup of tea or something of that kind before walking along to the theatre.

And perhaps it was owing to our early arrival, or perhaps to the fineness of the summer evening outside, that when we entered the spacious, dimly-lit building, we found ourselves entirely alone. Not even the orchestra had as yet put in an appearance. Our footsteps had a hollow sound as we went down to the front of the dress-circle, and surveyed this large and dusky and empty place. And, indeed, one could not help sympathising with those poor fellows of musicians, who, as they came in, glanced up at the rows of empty benches. Gloomy and phantasmal as the great hollow hall appeared, they were probably thinking that this was not the kind of house that caused the ghost to walk on Saturday. And yet, when they once began, their interest in their own professional work seemed in no wise lessened by this sorry sight. They played with abundant spirit; and, what is more, they played very good music—not the usual poker-and-tongs orchestra-rattle; but an exceedingly pretty waltz. Then, attracted by the sound, stragglers began to appear—in the pit, in the gallery. Matters were mending somewhat. A further raising of the lights cheered us. More stragglers appeared; there was going to be a semblance of an audience, after all. And impatiently we waited for the upwinding of the curtain.

"Now, my dear Peggy," said Queen Tita to her neighbour, "if you're in luck, you'll find here the drama in its pristine simplicity—and vigour, too. You won't be asked to follow the subjective Miss from Boston to the banks of Nile. You'll have a villain that is a villain; and faithful love rewarded in the end; and virtue entirely triumphant. You'll see what appeals to the popular heart. Let it be a lesson to you!"

But here the curtain was raised, and talking had to cease. And very soon it became apparent that Miss Peggy was in quite superlative luck; for this story that was being told her was constructed of the most simple and yet substantial materials. Here was the anguished heroine who clings to her lover in spite of his poverty; here was the ruthless parent who casts her forth and bids her wed the misery that he prophesies for her; her lover—now her husband—battling with misfortune and cruel fate, and appealing to Heaven to protect his young and innocent wife; and, finally, a ruffian sworn to accomplish all manner of diabolical deeds, but in especial to capture and carry off the heroine, who had scorned his hateful advances. Just a horrible villain this one was, and he took no pains to conceal it; for, like the rest of the characters, he from time to time came down to the footlights, and in a telling speech revealed the secret workings of his soul. There was plenty of action besides; there were quite thrilling situations; and invariably the persons in the play addressed each other by both Christian and surname—"Gregory Hammond, you shall suffer for this!" "Beware, Richard Merretton!"



He from time to time came down to the footlights, and in a telling speech revealed the secret workings of his soul.

and so forth—and everyone knows how impressive that is. Then the story proceeds apace; misfortunes accumulate upon the hapless pair; the stern parent remains inexorable; the dark-visaged scoundrel matures his plans; and the end of the act is truly most pitiful—for the villain shoots the father and has the guilt laid upon the young husband, who is forthwith hurried off to prison, leaving his suffering young wife and her infant babe at the mercy of a cruel world.

It seems hardly befitting the dignity of the legitimate drama that we should now have been treated, as an interlude, to a "variety entertainment." But there is a reason for all things.

"You see, Miss Peggy," one explains to this young stranger from the West, "when a play is played right off, or when you read a book straight through, you are apt to forget what spaces of time divide the parts; and you don't give proper value to the constancy of the lover or the faithfulness of his mistress. Now just remember, while all this dancing and fiddling is going on, that that young husband is suffering penal servitude for a murder he never committed; and the young mother is driven to distraction by the kidnapping of her child; while the villain, who is responsible for all this, is having a gay time of it with the old man's money—plovers' eggs and Schloss Johannisberger for breakfast, no doubt. That is precisely what makes it hard—that the suffering of the good people should last such a long time. Besides, you may have several excellent performers in your company whom you can't get into this play: why shouldn't they have a chance of showing what they can do?"

"Oh, I don't object in the least," she says. "It's like a cigarette between the courses at dinner."

"And what do you know about that?"

"I have heard of it," she says vaguely. However, when the drama was resumed, the action moved forward with astonishing rapidity. Again and again the heroine was on the point of being carried off by that desperate villain; and again and again, at the precise moment wanted, behold her husband!—who, it seems, has escaped from prison, and appears to be roaming about the country at large. But swift-footed Fate is now behind that deep-plotted scoundrel. All at once everybody appears on the scene; the officers of the law, instead of arresting the escaped prisoner, clap the manacles on the villain's wrists and march him off (a long farewell to plovers' eggs and Johannisberger!); the hero's innocence is triumphantly proved; the kidnapped child is restored to the happy mother; and husband and wife are once more united, with every possible kind of felicity showered on their heads. In short, virtue wins all along the line; and wickedness and treachery and villainy are sent to the right about—relegated to a prison cell, in fact. We were quite glad, and we told Miss Peggy it was a solemn warning she should remember all her life; but when it came to be a question as to whether we should remain and see the extravaganza that was to follow, we thought we had had enough of the theatre for one evening, and so we went back to the Unicorn Hotel and to supper.

Late that night the miniature Manageress of this wandering party was in her own room, engaged in overhauling her millinery purchases of the day, and disposing them so as to admit of their being packed on the morrow. She seemed a little thoughtful, and was mostly silent; but, at length, she said, in a cautious sort of way,

"Do you know what Peggy told me before we went to the theatre this evening?"

"I do not."

"She told me that Colonel Cameron had promised to give her some relic from Fassiefern House—a little mirror, I believe"—

"I was aware of it."

She looked up quickly.

"Oh, you knew?" And then she said, rather slowly, and with no great air of conviction—indeed, she seemed questioning instead of asserting—"I suppose that is nothing. Oh, of course not. It is an interesting thing for an American girl to take home with her—especially when coming from Inverfask: a souvenir, that is all. And he has been very kind to her. Oh, no, I would not attach too much importance to his making her a little present; and—and, of course, she will value it!"

And yet, somehow, she does not seem quite satisfied in her own mind. The millinery does not receive much of her attention. Finally, she turns from the table altogether.

"Do be frank, now!—tell me!" she says—in a half-pleading, half-frightened way. "Have you noticed anything? Don't you think that Colonel Cameron's admiration for Peggy is just a little too marked? And she herself, too—have you noticed the way in which she speaks of him? Oh, good gracious, I have been trying to shut my eyes and ears; but if anything—if anything were to happen between these two—and me responsible!"

"But how are you responsible?" one says to this incoherent person.

"We brought them together—isn't that enough?" she exclaims. "And there he is, a widower, twice her age at least, with an encumbered estate; and I suppose hardly anything beyond his pay. Think what her people would say of it! They wouldn't see any romance in it; they wouldn't find any fascination in her becoming Lady Cameron, of Inverfask, and living up there in the North and winning the affection and gratitude of those poor people—which is quite clearly what Sir Ewen was talking about to-day. What do you suppose they care for the traditions of the Highland clans—or for Colonel Cameron's reputation as a soldier, either? I suppose they never heard of the V.C. They would want to know how many dollars a year he had, and what he was going to settle on her! I'm sure I never thought such a thing possible, or I would never have suggested his coming. Of course," she adds, in contrite confession, though she is clearly very much perturbed and bewildered, "I thought she would admire him. I wanted her to do that. And I knew he would find her a pleasant companion. But just think what this would be for both of them! Why, it's madness! He ought to marry a rich woman, if he marries at all; and get Inverfask cleared of its burdens, and live there. And she *must* marry someone with money!"

"I think you will find that Peggy will marry the man she wants to marry without taking your advice or the advice of anyone else."

"Oh, it isn't advice—not for worlds would I give her advice about such a thing," says this small creature, in quite evident distress. "It's the responsibility of having brought them together. With Mr. Duncombe that would have been quite different. I was safe there, whatever happened. And that's the only thing to be done now—if there is any chance of such a foolish infatuation!"

"What is the only thing to be done?"

"Why, to beg Mr. Duncombe to come back to us, and at once! I never was quite positively certain why he went away; but if it was merely through some little quarrel or misunderstanding, I dare say they would be inclined now to forget it. In any case, his presence would make a great difference; if she has any sense at all, she would naturally turn to the younger man, with all his advantages."

"And what's to be done with the Colonel?"

"I suppose he will go back to Aldershot," said she wistfully. "I am sorry—but—but anything rather than this. And even if he stays, Mr. Duncombe's being with us will make all the difference in the world. He is an older friend of Peggy's; she seemed to like him very well; and he was so attentive to her; and—and she found him amusing. She can't help seeing his advantages. She would know there would be no opposition on the part of her family. I will even confess that I thought it might turn out a match between Mr. Duncombe and herself; not that I particularly wished any such thing; but it seemed so suitable; and they got on very well together; and I knew that I was safe enough, whatever happened. Do write and beg him to come! He said he would, if it was in any way possible. My gracious, if this other thing were to happen, what would those people in America think of me!"

"They wouldn't think anything at all about you—whatever were to happen. You imagine they don't understand Peggy by this time? And here is another point. Supposing there were some such possibility as you suggest—supposing there were some kind of understanding between these two—though I am certain there is nothing of the sort, at present—do you fancy that Ewen Cameron is the kind of man who would allow himself to be interfered with? You are always talking of the gentleness of the Camerons. Well, they may be as gentle-mannered as most folk; but they have wills of their own, some of them. Did you never hear of the message that Sir Allan Cameron of Farrachd sent to George III.—or IV., was it?—when it was proposed to break up the 79th Highlanders—the regiment that Cameron of Farrachd had raised and commanded all through the Peninsular campaign? It was a pretty message to send to a King."

"What was it?"

"The proposal was to draft the Cameron Highlanders out to India, to make up the ranks of certain regiments that had been thinned there. 'Tell the King from me,'—this was the message that Sir Allan Cameron sent—that he may order the 79th to hell, and I will march at their head; but draft them he dare not and shall not." A very pretty message to be sent to the King of England!"

"I will tell that to Peggy in the morning," says Mrs. Threepenny-bit, reflectively—as if, at such a juncture, it was necessary, or even prudent, to say anything to still further stimulate Miss Peggy's interest with regard to the Clan Cameron.

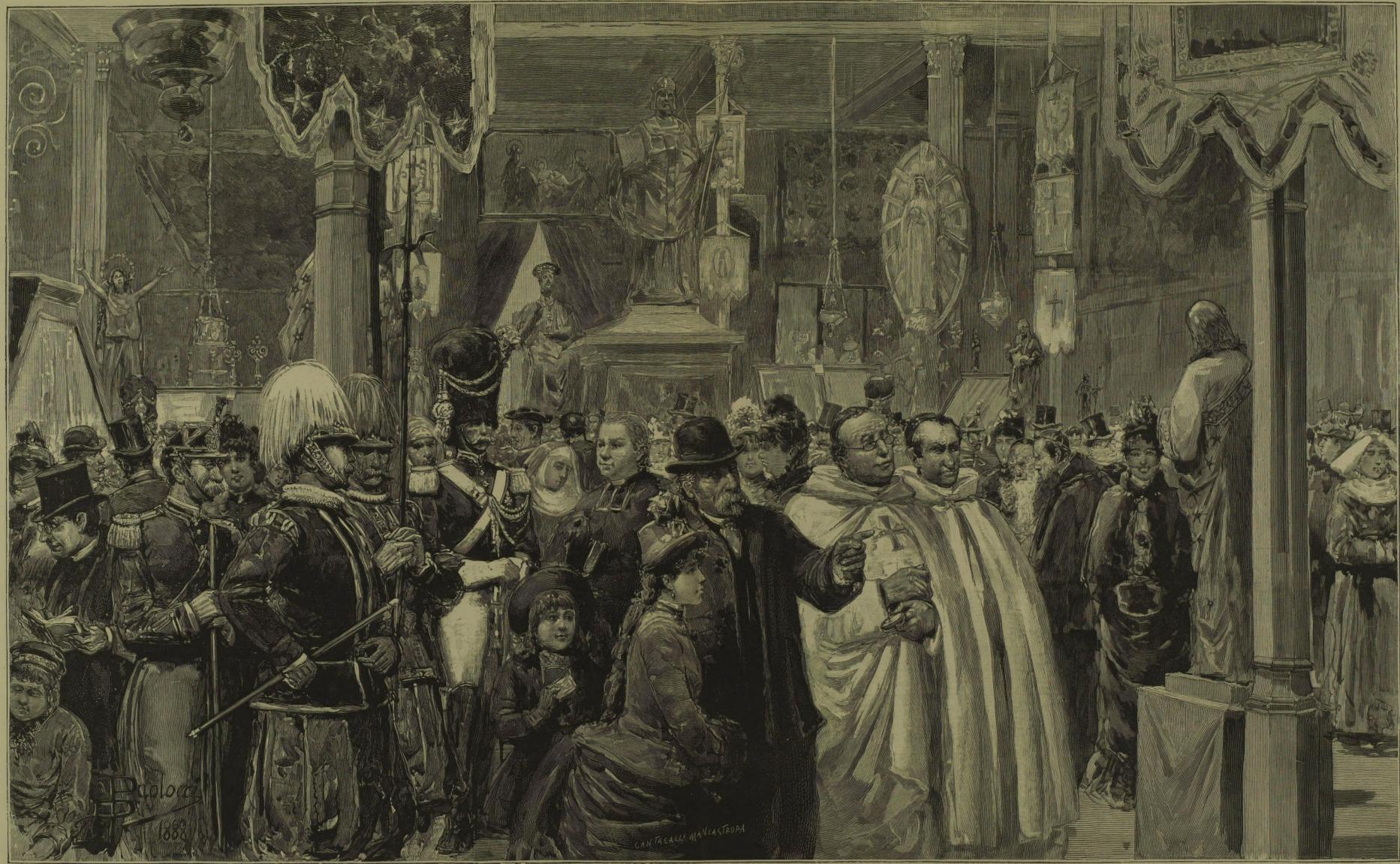
(To be continued.)

NEW BOOKS.

The Court and Reign of Francis the First. By Julia Pardoe. Three vols. (R. Bentley and Son).—The worst enemies of a nation have sometimes been its own Kings; and those of the House of Valois, in the sixteenth century, inflicted the greatest injuries on France. A neighbouring country, Italy, also suffered incalculable woes from the reckless vanity of the unprincipled monarch who, during thirty-two years, wasted the resources of his own kingdom, disgraced his rank by frequent acts of perfidy and treachery, and set the example of shameless personal profligacy to all Europe. The character of Francis I., in spite of the false show of chivalry and gallantry with which his figure has been invested—and he was a handsome man, always sumptuously dressed, brave in the field of battle on two occasions, always brave in hunting, in banqueting, in dancing, and in complimenting his ladies—merits hearty detestation. At the same time, his dealings with other Sovereigns, especially with the Emperor Charles V., with our King Henry VIII., and with successive Popes of Rome, led to results of such importance that his reign must be studied as a part of general history. It was also a period at which French Royalty began to assume, with more fatally pernicious effect than the Tudor monarchy in England, the style of irresponsible Absolutism, of a despotic tyranny moderated only by Court favouritism and corruption, or by the vacillation, ignorance, and negligence of some Kings, which it retained till the French Revolution. If it was reserved for such Ministers as Richelieu and Mazarin to organise despotic government, the dissolution of feudal government, so far as it involved the power of French peers and nobles to control the acts of their King, was complete under Francis I. The King himself was a slave to his own follies and vices, and was usually ruled, through these low personal qualities, by several remarkably bad women. Francis I. is rather aptly called "the French Sardanapalus" by the authoress of this book, the late Miss Pardoe, who wrote and published it long before her death in 1862. The present edition, handsomely got up, with finely-engraved portraits, must be supposed to attest a certain confidence that it will be a standard work; but this seems to us rather doubtful. It has neither the merit of a precise original investigation, nor that of discriminating judgment of affairs, nor that of an engaging and impressive literary style. In a few instances the erroneous statements of old French writers, followed by Miss Pardoe, on particular matters of fact, are corrected by inserting short extracts from books that have come out since her work was compiled. It would have been well if her entire text had been carefully revised, at least for the removal of many disagreeable blemishes in the orthography of proper names, which she often makes a strange hybrid of French with Italian, Spanish, or German; and for the remedy of occasional ambiguities or obscurities in her statements. But Miss Pardoe, though not a profound historian or skilful writer, sedulously endeavours to make the most of the biographical and personal interest of her subject, which presents a large store of anecdotes, more or less romantic, of the lives of courtiers, Kings and Queens, Princes and Princesses, lords and ladies, who were not much better than they should be. If her accounts of political negotiations are indistinct, and her narratives of military campaigns want exactness, force, and animation, she dwells on the amorous intrigues of Princes and courtiers, and of "frail beauties" such as Madame de Châteaubriand, the Duchesse d'Étampes, and Diane de Poitiers, with abundant sentimental unction, though with perfect decorum. Francis, by his base and unmanly prostitution of his Royal prerogative to the caprices of female companions who were among the worst of their sex, established a baneful precedent which was followed by his successors down to Louis XV., and which was probably the main cause of the manifold evils prevailing in the French monarchy. The French Sardanapalus was evidently proud of his moral degradation; but some excuse may be allowed for the spoiled son of a mother like Louise of Savoy, Duchess of Angoulême, whose parental tuition of Francis was almost as pernicious as that of Catherine de' Medici was afterwards in the case of Charles IX. Some incidents of the life of the former King, his youthful exhibition of gaiety and false gallantry at home and abroad, the courage with which he fought at Marignano, in 1515, rather as an ordinary knight than as a commander, his disastrous defeat ten years later at Pavia, and his captivity at Madrid, have rendered him interesting to superficial amateurs of personal display in historical actions. His celebrated interview with our own King, in 1520, on the "Field of the Cloth of Gold,"

between Guisnes and Ardres, with the familiarly known pictures and descriptions of its costly splendours, has also kept the name of Francis I. strongly impressed on the imagination of the English people. Notwithstanding the delusive air of magnanimity in these episodes of a crooked career of profligate selfishness, he seems on closer acquaintance to have been devoid of all great qualities of mind and heart. Without any real ability of statecraft or military command, his direct leadership was apt to throw affairs into confusion; and the obstinate pursuit of his favourite object, the conquest of the Milanese Duchy, costing torrents of French and Italian blood, was the prime cause of the distracted and enslaved condition of Italy for three centuries after his time. To his brother Sovereigns, who were equally covetous and unjust, he behaved very dishonourably; the welfare of his own subjects was to him the last consideration; his brief pretension to be the patron of scholarship and literature was belied when he attempted to suppress freedom of thought; and, while himself indifferent to religion, allied with the Turks in their ravages of the coasts of Christendom, he tortured and slaughtered the French Protestants with the most atrocious cruelty, to save his credit with the Catholic Church. Miss Pardoe's book, though it sufficiently reveals the character of Francis I. and his Court, is by no means a history of France during his reign. Its most interesting part is that relating to the grand treason of the Constable of France, the Duke of Bourbon, who was killed at the storming of Rome. It presents much information concerning the foreign and domestic relations of the worthless monarch; his private habits of gorgeous pomp, idle diversion, and expensive luxury; the heartless levity of his demeanour on serious occasions; his cold treatment of two virtuous and amiable Queens; and his infatuated bondage to at least three mistresses, by whom, or by their connections, the Crown of France was plundered and disgraced. The more one looks into past French history, the less room is there left for wondering now why the Royalists are only a feeble minority in modern France.

Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft: On and Off the Stage. Written by Themselves (Bentley and Sons).—The modern library is rich in reminiscences of the past fifty years by public and popular people. Sergeant Ballantine wrote a book of club-life and legal gossip, extending from the days of Mr. Adolphus down to Montagu Williams and Douglas Straight; but only touched occasionally on the stage, of which he was ever a steady patron. Edmund Yates wrote a book of amusing recollections of Government-office life, and the times of Thackeray and Dickens and Albert Smith, the Broughs and the Mayhews, *cum multa aliis*; and it would have been difficult for the clever son of a celebrated actor to keep his fingers off the stage, for which he has constantly written, and which has given him innumerable friends and companions. Mr. Frith wrote a capital book, full of good stories and anecdotes and gossip connected with the amusing people he has met in his genial career; and the stage is not wholly severed from the studio in these volumes by an R.A. But the best of recent avowedly theatrical books—the best in style, the best in variety, the most amusing, accurate, and complete—is the life-story of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, which has recently taken the town by storm. Mrs. Bancroft possesses in a very remarkable degree the difficult art of anecdote. All her portion of the book is as interesting as romance. With clever, vivid touches she describes her father, mother, home, and family; the struggles of the child-actress, who, almost before she could lisp, became a bread-winner; she tells us how she recited Collins's "Ode to the Passions" and entertained the idlers at a village public-house when travelling in a market-cart to keep an engagement; she carries us swiftly along, interspersing her story with the liveliest comments and anecdotes; describes how she fell in love and nearly eloped from home, at Bristol; how she came to the Lyceum, and made a hit as the boy Henry, in "Belphegor"; how she became the legitimate possessor of all the Cupids in the world of extravaganza; how she went on to the Strand, and became the best burlesque actress of her own and any other time: how she became the manageress of the little Prince of Wales's Theatre, by means of £1000 borrowed from a near relative; how she married Mr. Bancroft, took the Haymarket, and retired after twenty years hard and devoted services to the public. But it is not alone the matter of Mrs. Bancroft's narrative that is so admirable: it is the manner of the recital that will captivate the reader. She is everything by turns, but never dull. She can tell a funny story in the manner of Mario Wilton, and relate a touching one after the style of Dickens. No one would wish the society of a more agreeable *raconteuse*, whether she be describing her childish pranks, the humorous side of such oddities as Bob Romer, Jimmy Rogers, or little Clarke of the Strand; or, whether she be in the sentimental vein, and tell us the romance of the pearl necklace, or the story of the broken-hearted boat-builder of Broadstairs—as pathetic a story as Mr. Sala's "Journeyman Carpenter." At last the world will believe—on the assurance of Mr. Bancroft himself—that he was never a soldier; never in a crack cavalry regiment, heavy or light; but was merely an orphan cast upon the world with his wits about him, who went upon the stage because he liked it, and advanced to the top of the tree by energy, industry, and rare business qualities. The union of the Bancrofts was in every way fortunate. Marie Wilton came to her husband with great stage experience, training, and popularity acquired by good work; Mr. Bancroft brought judgment, calmness, and common-sense remarkable in so young a man. Some may say that the successful career of the Bancrofts was due to chance; but it was luck made a certainty by indefatigable toil and meritorious perseverance. Luckily, in their journey through life, they have taken notes of all they saw and observed, and the result is contained in one of the best and most interesting books of the season. Everyone will be quoting from it directly the publisher is able to supply the enormous demand that has followed on its publication. Two distinct classes of readers will be attracted by the Bancrofts' book. First, the lover of good stories; secondly, the stage historian, for, thanks to the accuracy and foresight of Mr. Bancroft, he has made his work an invaluable book of reference. Stage history during the last forty or fifty years is ill-written and very unsatisfactory. The peevish, disappointed diary of Macready, with its unblushing egotism; the weak, unsatisfactory "Life of Charles Kean," by Cole; the two records of the life of Samuel Phelps, both ill-written and equally worthless in arrangement and system, are all that we can turn to for fact for nearly half a century in connection with stage work. The Bancrofts have supplied the omission, and have placed on record every accurate detail, playbill, criticism, and comment concerning a most interesting period of stage history, with the full names of all who have been connected with these successful managers in their various ventures. The style of the book is much to be applauded. Every chapter is distinguished for its good taste; each story would bear repeating in the most fastidious society. For once in a way an actor's book is not full of strange oaths and questionable comments, and the two clever people who first made society take up the stage will find their entertaining volumes quickly taken up by society.



EXHIBITION IN THE VATICAN OF THE POPE'S JUBILEE GIFTS.

The Jubilee, or fiftieth anniversary, of the ordination of Joachim Vincenti,рапt, and Lodovico Pecci as priests of the Roman Catholic Church, was celebrated in 1868, by the election of the clerical laity of that ancient and extensive religious community all over Christendom, venerating him as Bishop of Rome and Supreme Pontiff. His Holiness, the present Pope, Leo XIII., was born at Carpi, near Modena, March 2, 1810, a year before Pecci, who was educated in the Jesuit's College at Viterbo, and in the Collegio Romano of Rome, became a divinely educated student and took his degrees in the Gregorian University, was ordained a deacon on November 13, 1837, and received priest's orders on December 31 of the same year, at the hands of Cardinal Giuseppi. He was, about the same period, appointed to a

post in the administration of the Papal Government, with the title of Montegiorgio; and, soon afterwards, the Delegateship or Governorship of the Province of Benevento, from which he was transferred to the Delegateship of Spoleto, and thence to that of Perugia. In 1848 he was consecrated as Bishop, and was sent as Apostolic Nuncio to the Court of Belgium. Returning from Brussels at the end of 1850, he was appointed archbishop of Perugia, remaining there until 1853. He was made cardinal in 1855. On the death of Pope Pius IX., which occurred on Jan. 7, 1878, the College of Cardinals elected Cardinal Pecci to be his successor, his elevation to the Pontificate taking place on Feb. 20. The details of his personal and official history, and the political and ecclesiastical

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Pope Gregory I., by Paolo Verri, a distinguished pupil of Domenico Morelli; the silver statue of St. John the Apostle, life-size, by Cesare Calti, given by the King of the Romans; a bronze statue of St. Thomas Aquinas, by Cesare Augusti, still in plaster, but to be executed in marble, the gift of students in all the Roman Catholic seminaries; and a bronze group of St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Francis of Assisi, with the Lion of St. Mark, a figure of the Virgin Mary, and the Lamb of the Sacrament. N. B.—Our Illustration shows rather the mixed assembly of visitors at the Vatican Exhibition, which includes a multitude of objects besides the Pope's Jubilee offerings. Monks and friars of all the Romish Orders, Carmelites, Franciscans and Dominicans, Sisters of St. Vincent de

Paul, and other nuns, with many parish priests, are tolerably numerous; and the military uniforms of the Swiss Guards, with their tall, tall hats, the Palatine Guard and the Pope's Horse Guards, contrast with the monastic frocks and priestly robes, thus making a smaller figure in Rome than they did before that city became the capital of the Kingdom of Italy. The citizens with their families, the students, the professors, the artists, and visitors from other towns, and the foreigners sojourning in Rome, are attracted by the collections of inscribed tablets, and the library, with its treasures of books and manuscripts, afford an inexhaustible store of learning. In the presence of such vast wealth of the relics of ancient skill and taste, and of the past ages, an ephemeral exhibition seems almost contemptible; but the Vatican is the Pope's own residence, and is all that he now possesses of his former temporal dominions.

Antique sculptures; the "Transfiguration" by Raphael, and his "Madonna del Pollino" with some of the most celebrated painters; his frescoes in the Stanze and the Loggie, and Michel Angelo's on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, beside the tremendous "Last Judgment"; and the tapestries from Raphael's cartoons which the French and Egyptian emperors and empresses, and the Queen of England, and others the world over, have visited. Our Illustration shows rather the mixed assembly of visitors at the Vatican Exhibition, which includes a multitude of objects besides the Pope's Jubilee offerings. Monks and friars of all the Romish Orders, Carmelites, Franciscans and Dominicans, Sisters of St. Vincent de

NOVELS.

Harmonia. By the author of "Estelle Russell," "Junia," "The New Virginians," &c. Three vols. (Macmillan).—As the name given to a place in America, the title of this bright and lively story might be supposed to indicate some institution of philosophical Communists trying the experiment of living and working together upon an ideal scheme of social reform. But "Harmonia," where the various fortunes of many neighbouring families, and their mutual dealings with each other, furnish materials for a very interesting "Chronicle," is simply an agricultural settlement. We have heard that, since the devastating effect of the Civil War, above twenty years ago, left extensive tracts of country in the uplands of Western Virginia and Tennessee open to a new form of colonisation, not a few middle-class emigrants with small capital, from England as well as from the North-Eastern States, with some gentry and "city folk," have attempted to make for themselves rural homes in that accessible region. "Harmonia" is a district or township laid out by an American Land Company, whose resident manager, Major Forepaw, is rather "smart" than honest; but its natural advantages of soil and climate, and beautiful sylvan scenery, with much advertising of its attractions, draw a number of visitors, and fix some there as purchasers of "lots." An English young married pair, Mr. Harry Tregellas, a retired Lieutenant of the Royal Navy, and his wife Edith, the daughter of a Devonshire country clergyman of good family, are the new-comers through whose eyes, they being a sensible and agreeable couple, we see all that goes on in the village and around it. Edith Tregellas is a charming person and a perfect lady, who for the love of her Harry has quitted a luxurious home, and has renounced any expectation of being made rich by the favour of her aunts, the Misses De Glanville, in Devonshire. She chooses to work bravely, with her own hands, as the industrious housekeeping wife of a backwoods farmer, who is a thorough gentleman and a faithful and affectionate husband. But among the other residents at Harmonia, our interest is most powerfully excited by the character and situation of Mrs. Macfarlane, a certain type of American woman portrayed with remarkable truth and distinctness; keen, ardent, vehement, and courageous, not well-bred, or faultless in manners and address, but upright in conduct, generous, and devoted. Her story, which comes out piece by piece in the midst of other separate affairs, ends in a pathetic tragedy suddenly closing the painful trials and threats of future misery that have undeservedly beset her from the reappearance of a cruel first husband. Having been deserted and robbed by this man, she had obtained what she believed to be a legal divorce, and had married Mr. Macfarlane, a worthy Scotchman, the assistant-manager of Harmonia, using no deception, but keeping the child of her first marriage. Within a very few years, when she is a happy wife and mother of a second babe, living in peace among friends, of whom Edith Tregellas is one, the scoundrel who betrayed her comes, and seems able to prove that her judicial decree of divorce was invalid, being one of a number of "bogus" or forged decrees, fraudulently concocted and sold by the clerk of a District Court. This abuse has, we believe, actually been perpetrated in some of the States; and its distressing consequences may be imagined, where an unfortunate woman, acting with entire innocence, had made herself liable to a prosecution for bigamy, while in this case the first husband might carry off, as he does, her firstborn child. Poor Mrs. Macfarlane, after suffering tortures of fear and outraged pride, under a relentless

persecution, against which she fights with a true American woman's spirit, meets her death in a snowdrift while flying from the house with her baby in her arms. Another type of American female character is presented in Miss Sylvia Luttrell, the rich young heiress, a graduate of the Ladies' College of New Athens, who cherishes sublime ideas of regenerating society, and freely spends her money at Harmonia on plans of romantic benevolence. Several leading men of the settlement, Mr. Garlick, the scientific enthusiast; Mr. Denning, a learned scholar of Oriental lore, formerly a clergyman in England; and Colonel Haverstock, who has a fancy tea-plantation, show their lack of practical judgment, but are very estimable gentlemen, for all that. Mr. Garlick is awkward and erratic, but his personal merits finally recommend him to Miss Luttrell; and he has an independent fortune, setting him above the suspicion of mercenary motives in asking her hand. Mr. Denning's religious sincerity and liberality are contrasted with the gross deficiencies of the appointed Episcopalian minister of Harmonia, the Rev. Mr. Bloss, a vulgar, ignorant, stupid, sordid hireling of the "Stiggins" complexion, whose hypocrisy, greediness, and baseness are largely exhibited. The manly plainness and shrewdness of his diocesan, Bishop Thrasher, somewhat redeem the character of the American Church. Colonel Haverstock's wife and daughters are more prominent than himself; Mrs. Haverstock, who has a craze for Evangelical interpretations of prophecy, writes, preaches, and forcibly distributes tracts about the Lion of Judah, but has instigated her eldest daughter, Mrs. Bontecoe, unwarrantably to separate herself from her husband. There were faults only of temper and false pride on both sides. Dr. Bontecoe, a medical man, finds his wife at Harmonia with her parents; and after some difficulties, which afford an instructive example, they are reconciled through compassionate attendance in severe illness. Miss Kate Haverstock, a high-spirited, frank, lovable young woman, meets an eligible suitor in Mr. Trelease, who is likewise an Englishman and in clerical orders. There is, indeed, a great deal of love-making at Harmonia, along with the ordinary occupations of clearing ground, felling trees, putting up fences, ploughing, sowing, and planting; mending roads, building log-houses, tending cattle, sheep, pigs, and poultry, gathering apples and peaches, cooking dinners and suppers, and other farm and household work. Everybody rides on horseback to visit everybody else. The Ellacombe family, that of an old Devonshire farmer, who is a zealous Wesleyan Methodist and teetotaller, with his kind-hearted, dutiful, somewhat overcaresful wife, and their sweet daughter Mary, affords some of the best pictures. One of the young men who had been sent from England to try his chance of gaining a livelihood at this settlement, with an allowance of £100 a year, is a junior son of Lord Raine, an impoverished Peer; he has been idle, careless, and sometimes tempted to drink; but his love for Mary Ellacombe makes a man of him, and she makes him a happy man in the end. With all these Englishmen and Englishwomen there is a multitude of American people; the negro folk, too, are always at hand. It is scarcely necessary to say that Mr. and Mrs. Harry Tregellas, recalled to England, finally become possessed of the handsome property left by Edith's aunts in Devonshire, and that they have a fine little son and heir. We heartily recommend this pleasant, fresh, vivacious, entertaining story, which contains an abundance of likely situations and characteristic incidents, with pieces of natural talk under the circumstances, and with racy bits of provincial dialect, or of negro speech, all very amusing, besides the general interest of the tale.

Richard Cable, the Lightshipman. By the author of "Mehalah," "John Herring," &c. Three vols. (Smith, Elder, and Co.).—There is a hard, overlaboured distinctness of individual delineation in this author's portraiture of characters, too little relieved by the lights and shades of genial humour and of compassionate feeling. His constructive and descriptive powers, which are of more than ordinary strength, would suffice to produce very interesting tales, if he did not seem to regard the creatures of his own imagination with a lack of cordial sympathy; and if the narrative were not so often checked in its flow by a commentary of chilling pessimism on the baseness and insincerity of mankind. To be sure, the hero of this story is depicted as a noble fellow; Richard Cable, a seafaring man of middle age, a widower left with seven young children, is brave, true, modest, wise, and affectionate. Yet his original character is strangely metamorphosed to an uncouth, surly boor in the later experiences of his life; while that of Miss Josephine Cornelli, the unamiable young lady who drifted out to sea in her boat and was saved on board his light-ship off the Essex coast, undergoes not less singular transformations. We doubt the possibility of such radical changes of moral disposition, either from the effect of circumstances, or from mutual disappointment and reaction; the portraits were distinct at first, but the sense of identity is lost in the subsequent moral phases. Richard Cable is the disowned son of Mr. Gotham, the squire of the village, who is a despicable, mean, cowardly, imbecile old fool, and who betrayed and deserted Cable's mother, with an invalid form of marriage, nearly forty years ago. Josephine is the daughter of Mr. Justin Corneilis, a retired missionary, a plausible, cunning, treacherous hypocrite capable of heinous crimes, who, being a family connection of the squire, lays deep schemes for the inheritance of his estate. The proud spirit of the girl, who has never been treated with parental kindness, and who has detected her father's villainy, induces in her mind an absolute disbelief in human honesty and charity, and an atheistic despair, from which she is rescued by observing the simple goodness and steadfast faith of Richard Cable. An innocent small act of indiscretion, by which she is slightly compromised in the view of malicious persons, an incendiary house-burning to defraud the insurance companies, and the death of Squire Gotham, leaving money to Josephine that she may take his illegitimate son Richard for her husband, in spite of her father's hostility, prepare the way for still more remarkable complications. She marries the virtuous plebeian widower at the beginning of the second volume; but their life is not one of peaceful tranquillity and security; her taste is offended by his want of conventional refinement, and the intrigues of her relatives bring on a separation, driving Richard away to a rustic life of industrious independence in Cornwall. In this situation he thrives as a cattle-jobber, and takes care of his children and his mother, creating for himself and for them a new home, while Josephine, now rejecting the fortune bequeathed to her for Richard's sake, goes into domestic service near Bath. So she learns humility, and becomes a good woman; Richard continues, though he had turned rough, the honest man of single heart; after many years they are reconciled, and live together again as man and wife. His proposal that they should be married a second time is overruled by ecclesiastical authority. It might not amount to bigamy; but it would be contrary to the rules of the Church. We regret that Mr. Cornelli, marrying a rich old lady, escapes the just punishment of his crimes, and that we are saddened by so many gloomy reflections on the ways of the world.

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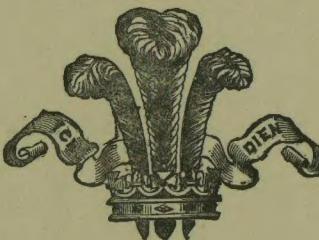
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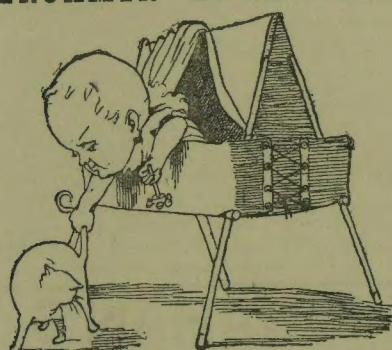
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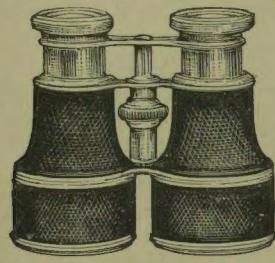


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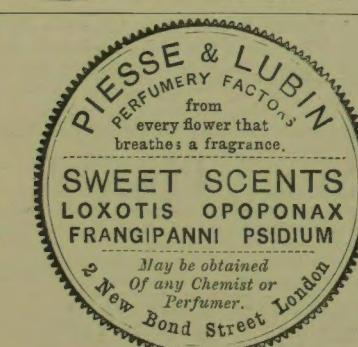
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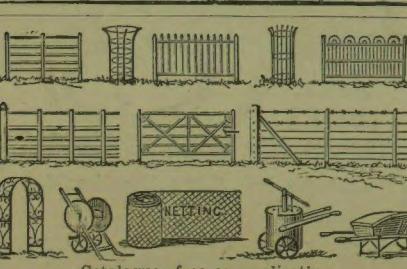
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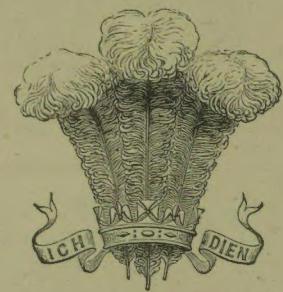
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